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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WHAT is Mr. Eden going to say at Geneva next week? If he were free to express his own opinion and the opinion of the great majority of the British people, we do not doubt that he would be demanding an embargo on the supply of oil to Italy. But there is a general belief that the Cabinet is not prepared to take a bold and clear line, and that the Foreign Secretary's instructions will be to sit on the fence. If that is so, and if M. Laval and his friends are able to throw their weight about, then there will be no oil embargo, or at best an indefinite postponement of it. We have heard many arguments against it during the past week or two—not the old ones, such as that it would cause an Anglo-Italian war or that America would make a fiasco of it, but new ones, based on the check to the Italian troops in Africa, on the Duce's chastened mood and on the chances of another attempt at "conciliation." These arguments ring hollow. Even if they are not all founded on false premisses, they are none of them valid against further and swift pressure to end the war.

How to Stop the War

That the Italians are held up is unquestionable, and there is conside[illegible]le doubt whether they will ever get much farther, let alone conquer Ethiopia. Mussolini may well be disappointed and possibly rather less arrogant than he was. He is presumably troubled by the marked unwillingness of the Tirolese to go to Africa; though the statistics of desertions that we have been treated to are obviously exaggerated, they are significant. He may now not intend to attack the British fleet or Malta or Egypt—if indeed he ever really did intend it. But he has given no sign of willingness to call off his aggression, and until he does that, all talk of "conciliation" is futile. Neither Abyssinia nor the League is going to look at a repetition of the Hoare-Laval proposals; any peace plan, while it need not punish the aggressor, must at least not reward him. The proposal that the League should send a Commission of Inquiry to Abyssinia is, in present circumstances, absurd. What is it to inquire into and what is it to discover that we do not already know? There remains the plea that we should let things take their course—the stars in their courses are fighting against Sisera; why involve ourselves in the trouble and risk of more sanctions? That is a counsel of weakness or cynicism. The war is not a picnic; it is taking its toll of lives and goods, it is hurting the Italian people as well as the Abyssinian, it is sowing a devilish crop of fear and hatred all across the world. It is the business of the League to stop it with the least possible delay, and there ought to be no further hesitation about the oil embargo.

Bigger Navies

The Naval Conference has, like King Charles II, been an unconscionable time a-dying. It is, in fact, not quite dead yet; Japan's withdrawal will not prevent the other four Powers from continuing the business by themselves. There is as yet no confirmation of the rumour that Germany and the Soviet Union will be invited to come in. All hope of a general quantitative limitation on the lines of the Washington Agreement has, of course, been destroyed by the Japanese insistence on the "common upper limit"; but some arrangements of minor importance in the way of qualitative limitation are possible. The Japanese delegates will probably leave an "observer" while the four Powers discuss that, though this will naturally commit them to nothing. The principal effect of the breakdown, so far as one can see, will be to speed up the increase of naval strengths all round. The United States will proceed with the huge programme that will make the American Navy the biggest in the world some six years hence. We shall go on with our task of making the British Navy "adequate." The Japanese declare that they do not intend to start a building race; but this does not indicate any self-denying ordinance on their part, since they can say, and are already saying, that America and Britain have started the race.

Japanese Aggression

The Soviet Budget for 1936 shows a prodigious increase in the military estimates—14,800,000,000 roubles as against 6,500,000,000 roubles in 1935. For this the Japanese menace and the German menace are mainly responsible, as the Commissar for Finance quite frankly stated. Nobody else has any aggressive designs on Russia, and Russia has no designs on anyone. At the moment Japan casts the darker shadow, though, despite the ugly situation on the frontiers in Siberia, we do not believe that the Japanese policy is to provoke war in the immediate future. Japanese policy (that is, the policy of the army chiefs who overshadow and override the civil government in Tokio) is to extend and consolidate the conquest of Northern China. It is an excellent opportunity for getting on with this work, while the Western Powers are occupied with the Abyssinian war—though we doubt whether Japan is much afraid of the Western Powers in any circumstances, after their exhibition of disunity and cowardice in the Manchurian episode. The present concern of the Japanese generals is to secure the "autonomy" (which means, of course, the control by Japan) of the five northern provinces of China, and they are exerting all the pressure they can to this end. There is a good deal of opposition on the Chinese side, but it does not look like being more than a temporary barrier to the Japanese advance.

Poland and Danzig

In spite of Mr. Eden's personal interest in the restoration of constitutionalism in Danzig, it is to be feared that when the question comes before the League Council next week, the British Government's policy will be one of evasion. A desire to concentrate on Ethiopia and avoid any sort of squabble—however indirect—with Berlin may be perfectly intelligible. It would, nevertheless, be deplorable that Poland's cynical view of us in the Abyssinian affair should be so signally confirmed by British lethargy where the League is directly responsible and no British interests are involved. In the matter of Danzig the roles of London and Warsaw are reversed, and the Poles are the ardent supporters of the League. Even Colonel Beck insisted upon this when he saw Mr. Lester, the League High Commissioner, in December. Since then relations between Poland and Germany have deteriorated, and the Polish minority in Germany is complaining of its wrongs. Poland, of course, quite correctly refuses to consider that Germany, since leaving the League, has legally anything to say in Danzig. It is, in fact, unlikely that Berlin would at present encourage the Danzig Nazis to defy a determined League. The Danzig opposition would like to see new elections, with international troops to keep order. Polish soldiers would need to be as scarce in Danzig as French troops were in the Saar a year ago, but the Scandinavians might welcome an active share, and they would certainly be welcomed by a great many Danzigers.

The Left Programme in France

The *Front Populaire*, which includes the Socialists, Communists and some, but not all, of the Radicals, has at last succeeded in drawing up a joint programme for the General Election which may, by the passage of a special law, take place at the end of March, but which cannot be postponed beyond May. The programme is sensible and coherent. The first group of proposed measures is for the defence of freedom at home. They would dissolve and disarm the Fascist leagues and attempt to restore confidence in democracy by restricting the extra-parliamentary ways in which Deputies and Senators may now increase their incomes. The press would be reformed; newspapers would be obliged to give full information about their sources of revenue and the advertising monopoly would be broken up. In foreign policy the *Front Populaire* demands full co-operation with the League of Nations and "automatic" sanctions, combined with a policy of "peaceful change" through the Covenant. The *Front Populaire* makes it clear that it does not stand for the rigid preservation of the *status quo*. Most important are the economic proposals. Apart from measures to relieve unemployment, extend public works and prevent further financial scandals, a frontal attack is made on the Bank of France. The Regency Council of the Bank is to be replaced by an Economic Council, representing the Government, Industry, Labour and Agriculture. This programme will certainly be resisted to the utmost by the Bank itself and by all the forces of the Right in France. But unless the Bank of France, which need not now even discount Treasury Bills and which has overthrown one Left Government after another since the war, can be effectively brought under public control, it is useless for any Government of the Left to take office in France.

The Miners' "Offer"

Mr. Joseph Jones, President of the Mineworkers' Federation, made an important "offer" to the mineowners in his speech on Monday. He said that the miners would be prepared to give up their claim for a uniform national advance in wages if the owners would improve their offers to the worse paid districts, such as Durham and South Wales, and if further they would agree to the setting up of national joint machinery for the discussion of wages and conditions in the future. Mr. Lee, the owners' secretary, who replied on the following day, did not reject these suggestions out of hand, but preferred to defer comment since the owners were meeting in the various districts in order to consider their attitude. On the other hand, some unfavourable comments were made on Mr. Jones's proposals—which, as he has explained, do not commit the Federation or amount, for the present, to a modification of its demand for a uniform increase. The South Wales owners are said to be standing out against the suggestion that they should either improve their very low offer or agree to any form of national negotiation in future, while the South Wales miners are said to be pressing for the retention of the demand for a uniform increase in all districts. There seems, however, little doubt that this latter opposition could be overcome if the owners would accept Mr. Jones's olive branch. In any case the attempt to smash the Mineworkers' Federation and break it up into purely local units has definitely failed. Mr. Jones offered, on the terms stated above, an agreement that would guarantee five years' peace in the coalfields. Surely even the mineowners must see that such an offer is worth a very great deal.

More Trade

The trade returns for 1935, which have just been issued in summary form, show a substantial improvement. Total exports are up by nearly £34,000,000 in comparison with 1934, and total imports by £25,500,000. The visible adverse balance is down by between eight and nine millions. The increase in exports has been mainly in manufactured articles, the coal trade being an exception to the general tendency towards expansion. The largest part of the rise in imports is also in the group of manufactured goods, imports of raw materials having increased relatively little, though imports of foodstuffs have risen substantially in recent months. Of course, these measurements in terms of money do not stand for equal quantitative changes. British prices have been rising, albeit slowly; and the change in prices accounts for a substantial part of the increase. There has, however, been some real improvement, though the level of foreign trade is still immensely below that of the years before the world crisis. In comparison with 1930, for example, imports are down by £287,000,000, and exports by nearly £232,000,000—the difference representing largely the effects of Great Britain's conversion from Free Trade to thorough-going Protectionism. What improvement there is reflects the almost general world recovery of 1934, except in the gold standard countries and, of course, most of all, the increase in American purchases overseas. The figures of British trade with Italy naturally show a sensational fall in the last few months; but the amounts are not enough to have any appreciable effect on the aggregate figures.

Building Prospects

The Building Industries National Council, which represents all sections of the industry—employers and workers alike—has just issued a report which shows clearly how little the housing boom has contributed to the provision of new houses within the means of ordinary working-class applicants. If houses built under slum clearance schemes, which represent only replacements, are excluded, the supply of houses to let at rentals within the reach of the majority of working-class tenants has actually been falling off during the past two years. Thus the new houses in this category have fallen from nearly 37,000 in the six months ending in March, 1934, to 16,440 in the half-year ending in September, 1935. The Council goes on to discuss the prospects of building activity during the present year. It considers that the volume of private house building has reached its peak and is likely to decline. Against this has to be set, from the standpoint of total activity in the industry, the recent expansion of non-residential building, including especially new places of entertainment as well as shops and factories. This expansion is thought likely to continue for the present. But its maintenance depends on the general state of business and any serious decline in house building would before long react upon it. Perhaps in course of time the fact that building activity is now one of the most important factors in determining the level of employment will influence a Government which has not so far thought it worth while to build houses that the poor can afford to rent.

The Right to Strike

The bus strike at Northampton, which was settled on Wednesday, has raised some highly important issues. The strike was unofficial, and violated an agreement recently arrived at between the omnibus company and the Transport and General Workers' Union. The men admitted this, but said that the duty schedules under the agreement operated so unfairly in practice that the company's refusal to reconsider them left no alternative to strike action. There was strong local sympathy with the strikers, and buses operated by non-union labour were several times attacked and damaged, so that in at least one case the strikers intervened to rescue the blacklegs from the crowd. At this point there entered on the scene the Traffic Commissioners for the area, who have power to grant or withhold licences for running omnibus services. The Commissioners threatened, unless full services are at once resumed, to cancel the company's licence. This was, of course, a direct incitement to the company to bring in as many blacklegs as possible. Simultaneously, the Commissioners threatened the strikers with the permanent loss of their job unless they returned to work at once. This the men would probably have done had full reinstatement been provided; but the problem was already complicated by the company's insistence on retaining over seventy blacklegs engaged during the strike. The question of principle that emerges is whether Parliament ever intended to confer on the Traffic Commissioners these drastic powers to deny the right to strike. They clearly have power to cancel licences where the wages and working conditions are not in conformity with the standard conditions negotiated by the representative bodies on both sides. But the power they have arrogated to themselves in the present instance goes far beyond this. In effect, it enables the Commissioners, in any local dispute, to reduce the right to strike to a nullity by the threat to cancel licences. That is assuredly not calculated to promote amicable relations; and it is bound, by encouraging the use of blackleg labour, to make agreement very difficult where strikes do occur. This formidable power should be effectively challenged—even if this involves an amendment of the Transport Act.

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THE ARMS INQUIRY

If there were simple souls who believed that the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of Arms would dig up for public inspection all the secrets of the arms business in this country, we have never been amongst them. The American inquiry showed that the scandals which horrified the world before the war are still rife in some places to-day, that bribery is still a method of obtaining orders, that there are still international armament rings and that the relations between manufacturers and Government servants are often still of the kind that has led to corruption in the past. But it was not clear how far English firms were involved to-day in any of the scandals that were unearthed, and it was always obvious to us that no Royal Commission could reach any satisfactory conclusions on this subject without the special powers to impound letters and cross-examine their writers which the American Senatorial Committee possessed. When the British inquiry was set up, we said that in so far as the allegations of improper practices were concerned, a Commission composed of well-intentioned people, without special knowledge of the subject and with only ordinary powers, could not hope to discover the truth.

We were not, therefore, surprised that the representatives of Vickers who appeared before the Royal Commission last week were easily able to laugh off the more serious allegations. Their case was strengthened by the fact that Sir Charles Craven could show that injustice had been done to him by those who suggested that the now famous letter to " his friend, the Controller of Contracts in the Admiralty," was more than a minor indiscretion. The letter showed nothing but Sir Charles's close relationship with the Service Departments, about which there is no secret. On a number of other points rather more might perhaps have been elucidated if the members of the Commission had had rather more experience and expert knowledge. We should have liked, for instance, publicly to glean more knowledge about the large holdings of Vickers in foreign armament firms. If they are not, as their spokesmen assert, concerned in any international " rings," except for the purchase of certain raw materials, why do they own such large holdings in foreign firms? Both Sir Philip Gibbs and Dame Rachel Crowdy asked some pertinent questions, but they were at a hopeless disadvantage. They could have found out nothing very much that the witnesses did not wish to divulge. Our conclusion on this part of the evidence must be that no proof of anything approaching corruption inside this country has been discovered. If it exists it has not been found out. Very possibly it does not exist.

But the case for the abolition of private manufacture has never rested on the scandals incidental to it, and the real case seems to us to have been substantiated by all the evidence so far produced before the Commission. It is a case against a system, not against individuals who are business men and follow customary business practices in promoting the sale of goods which, as Sir Philip Gibbs retorted to Sir Charles Craven, are not to be compared with children's crackers. The case is that you have here a system which creates a huge vested interest which profits by war and the promotion of warlike policies. It is still substantially the case put by Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss, as his considered opinion after years of experience, to the Government after the war, when he was First Sea Lord. He said:

> Apart from the moral objections to the present system, which makes warfare a direct occasion of private gain, the system is attended by the inevitable consequence that the multiplication of armaments is stimulated artificially. Every firm engaged in the production of armaments and munitions of any kind naturally wants the largest possible output. Not only, therefore, has it a direct interest in the inflation of the Navy and Army Estimates and in war scares, but it is equally to its interest to push its foreign business.

Mr. Noel Baker, who quoted this remarkable statement, proceeded to illustrate the pressure of the vested interest in war and to show how " patriotic societies," like the Air League (to which Vickers admitted their subscription was £250 instead of the usual £2 2s. per annum) had exerted a powerful influence in opposing disarmament throughout the whole period when it was still nominally British policy to work for international disarmament. Perhaps his most effective example was the influence of the large and highly specialised aviation press in spreading the idea that there was something unpatriotic and harmful to aviation in proposals for bringing air development under international control. There can be no doubt that vested interests actually worked for the prevention of the one practical measure that might have saved us from the nightmare in which the whole of Europe is living to-day. This powerful influence against peaceful policies would clearly not exist if all armament manufacture were a State monopoly paid for by taxpayers, who would be interested in keeping down instead of increasing arms expenditure.

When we turn from the international situation to the problem of the export of arms we are far from reassured by Vickers' statement " that there is no general practice of soliciting for orders for armament material." In the copy of their " standard agency agreement," we find that " the agent undertakes to use his best endeavours to promote and obtain orders." The Commission failed to discover detailed evidence that the " best endeavours " included the bribery of officials in small countries, but the American evidence made it clear that this is common practice in the sale of armaments (as of many other commodities) and Sir Charles Craven gaily admitted that the farther one got away from Great Britain the more " greasing the way "—his phrase on an earlier occasion—was necessary in doing business. Dame Rachel Crowdy and Sir Philip Gibbs, who rightly showed a keen interest in this part of the evidence, demanded and obtained permission to examine the firm's files in connection with some of their foreign sales. The war between Bolivia and Paraguay provides a striking case of the influence of private manufacture. It is admitted that the sale of British armaments increased rapidly after the first flare-up in the Gran Chaco in 1928 and that the arms exporting countries, of which Great Britain is the largest, supplied the armaments which alone made possible the terrible and prolonged war which developed later. This war, as the League inquiry stated, could not have been carried on at all but for the arms supplied by the exporting countries. In their evidence Vickers state that they do not send an agent until " it is definitely known that the Government is in the market for a certain type of material." It would seem a legitimate inference that, as good salesmen, Vickers realised in 1928 that there was likely to be a war between Bolivia and Paraguay and proceeded to supply both sides with the armaments which they required. Similarly, when the question of China was raised, Vickers' spokesman did not deny that British arms had been sold to "War Lords"; apparently, in accordance with the best traditions of armament makers, they were as willing to sell arms for the purposes of civil as for those of national war.

The point which the public should appreciate is that facts of this kind tell against the system of private manufacture, not against the individual manufacturer. The attitude of the manufacturers themselves follows from the nature of their trade. We ought to feel no surprise that Sir Herbert Lawrence thinks that "the iniquity of war" has been "exaggerated." How should he think otherwise? When Sir Charles Craven paid a tribute to the high ideals of the League of Nations, there was "laughter in court." Perhaps some of his audience remembered a phrase in a letter cited in the American inquiry, and recalled in Mr. Arnold-Forster's evidence here, about the chance that "Geneva or some other fancy convention" would decide that large submarines should be abolished at a time when Vickers were making such submarines, while the British Government was advocating their abolition at Geneva. Obviously this is not a reasonable situation to put business men into: their living depends on defeating the highest aspirations of their countrymen and, in this case, of their Government. It would be surprising if they shared those aspirations. It is more surprising that they are permitted to make a living from such a vocation.

Finally, a comment must be made on Vickers' own case for the retention of the private trade in arms. They argue that private manufacture helps and promotes quality and initiative, that it is now impossible for rings to keep up prices at unreasonable figures because everything is arranged with Government Departments who have full access to their books and thoroughly inspect their works; lastly, they urge that the retention of the exporting industry serves to facilitate the necessary expansion in wartime. It is on this last point that their case is mainly based. We do not believe that it is a case that can be substantiated in view of the evidence produced by Dr. Addison from his war experience of arms firms and in view of the detailed reply to it made by Mr. Noel Baker. There is nothing which a private firm can do which a Government arsenal cannot do as well or better, and no reason why a Government cannot arrange for all the expansion it wishes without incidentally fomenting the warlike propensities of ambitious groups in small countries. Moreover, a Government monopoly has the additional advantage that it can place its factories and arsenals where it needs them for strategic and economic reasons. As we see in the case of the anti-aircraft gun, which Vickers so successfully advertised during the inquiry, the interest of a private firm is to sell as many as possible of its own speciality, while the Government's interest, on the contrary, is merely to have at its disposal not the weapons themselves, but machinery for large-scale production of these weapons in case it should need them. In dealing with the remaining arguments for private manufacture it is only necessary to add that Vickers themselves freely admitted in their evidence that no competition between British firms now exists. Tenders are not genuinely competitive: indeed, disappointed firms are actually compensated by the firm that receives the order. In rationing its orders, the Government considers not only the price, which is agreed on a basis of cost plus a reasonable profit, but also the desirability of keeping a particular works open and providing employment where it is most needed. Prices are, in fact, reached by arrangement between the firms and the Government, and if there is no longer any danger of the kind of scandal which Dr. Addison has described as taking place when the Government was in urgent need of more munitions in the last war, this is only because the connection between private firms and the Government is now so much closer than it was then. The picture painted for us by Vickers is that they are now, to all intents and purposes, a subsidiary of the Service Departments, arming in accordance with the Government's desires, under strict Government control, but making additional private profit out of arming small nations which may well turn out to be our enemies in time of war. Thus the argument for efficiency through competition completely falls to the ground. If firms like Vickers and Beardmore are now part of Government machinery, why not nationalise them outright and abolish private profits in death?

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING

It is the fashion over here to smile superciliously at the efforts of the De Valera regime to reduce to a minimum the Free State's dependence on foreign trade. (In the past five years exports have fallen by nearly £30,000,000 and imports by some £20,000,000. The adverse balance of £20,610,318 in the figures for July last is the highest ever recorded.) The trend to economic self-sufficiency is regarded as a childish complaint of which the victim will be cured in time by some other Government, after an honourable settlement with England has made possible a reopening of the export market.

No one who knows anything of Irish history, and the sentiment it has nurtured, can possibly cherish that illusion. The Cosgrave regime, it is true, for ten years earned good marks in the British press by a docile acceptance of previous conditions. Ireland's role was to concentrate on animal husbandry, to supply Great Britain with meat, butter and eggs, importing in exchange most of the necessaries and luxuries of life. Before the "economic war" no less than 44 per cent. of the produce was exported to Great Britain. In 1929 Ireland was England's second best market. But with the world slump in agricultural prices the fate of the Irish farmer was sealed; except for the big ranchers, they would have been reduced to subsistence farming, had not Mr. De Valera and his insulating schemes come to the rescue. (In 1931 Mr. Cosgrave's Government, though composed of dyed-in-the-wool free traders, was busy devising emergency measures for the farmers' protection.) The new Government lost no time in instituting a carefully planned agricultural assistance regime, which to-day, by the way, the Opposition (Cosgrave) party is pledged to maintain.

It is, of course, futile to apply the standards of economic orthodoxy to the Irish phenomenon. Mr. De Valera and his associates are deliberately challenging the Victorian delusion that the mere sum total of trade is the index of a nation's prosperity. Indeed, they take especial pride in the fact that Irish produce to the extent of £6,000,000 per annum, previously exported, is now consumed in the country. Nor is the change-over from pastoral farming in any way related to the "economic war"; those who see Mr. De Valera making a virtue of necessity are hopelessly wide of the mark. To a Government determined in any case to challenge the big cattle-raisers, the only danger has been that England's "iniquitous experiment in economic blockade" should unduly force the pace of the process of transition. In a conversation I had with the President, I was agreeably surprised to find him fully alive both to the dangers of carrying economic nationalism to excess and to the need for hastening slowly.

Mr. De Valera expressed his own economic philosophy in the plainest terms at a luncheon given in his honour by the American Club in Paris in June, 1933, a few weeks before the World Economic Conference. The greatest curse of this world, he said, was free trade; indeed, all international trade was wicked unless it was limited to "surplus production" (e.g., the Coal and Cattle Agreement of January, 1935, recently renewed). Under the banner of "free trade" England had killed Irish industry and had turned Ireland into an underpopulated reservoir of foodstuffs. The Irish policy must be to reverse that situation of dependence on her over-industrialised neighbour which had brought her low.

Mr. De Valera has a strong case. Ninety years ago there were some 670,000 acres of wheatfields in the area now comprising Saorstat Eireann. Every county contributed its share of that acreage. Not only did Ireland produce all the wheat necessary for her own requirements, she actually exported a surplus. With the repeal of the Corn Laws and the application of the free trade principle to Ireland in 1847, the market was flooded with cheap supplies of wheat from South America, Ireland's wheat-lands were turned into ranches, families evicted wholesale and farms consolidated into pasture lands. The result was that in 1931 the acreage sown to wheat was reduced to 21,000 acres. To-day (i.e., the 1935 crop), by the aid of various inducements and intensive propaganda, the area under wheat shows the respectable figure of 170,000 acres. Nor has there been any extensive substitution of wheat for other cereals. A subsidiary aspect of the extension of tillage farming is the control of the importation of animal feeding stuffs. Millers are now required to include a definite proportion of home-grown grain in all maize meal manufactured by them. The importation of maize in the form of meal is prohibited altogether, and that of maize in the form of grain is restricted under a licensing system. It is claimed that this policy has secured consumption of home-grown grain to an extent corresponding with the production of over 100,000 acres.

Bounties and price-fixing are accepted features of every branch of farming. There is restriction of the import and export of butter and milk products, and there is regulated marketing. Only a fanatical free trader can lament the fact that the former importation from Denmark and other agricultural countries of bacon, butter and eggs has now completely ceased.

Flour-milling has benefited considerably by the Government's protectionist ideas. Whereas in 1931 the flour-milling industry was only capable of producing half the requirements of the State, in 1935, with imports from England virtually stopped, Irish mills accounted for the full supply.

Sugar-beet is another beneficiary. The farmers have done their part, and there are now four sugar-beet factories, one at Carlow, one at Thurles (Co. Tipperary), one at Mallow (Co. Cork) and one at Tuam (Co. Galway), which in 1935 produced 80 per cent. of the total sugar requirements.

A Turf Development Board is now struggling manfully to exploit the native fuel product (one-seventh of the total area is under peat) so as to minimise the importation of coal, and there is a certain sale for peat in the towns. "The poor need not bear the burden of the five-shilling tax (on coal)," said Mr. Sean Lemass, "there is native fuel available for household use." But this exploitation of the bogs strikes one as being a lost cause. Development of electrical power, on the other hand, is going ahead, and meanwhile the Coal-Cattle Agreement with the United Kingdom has removed any danger of a deficiency of fuel. Apart from the wheat, beet and peat schemes, relief of agriculture figures prominently in the Budget.

Among the secondary industries ministering to the cult of the homespun may be mentioned sewing thread, cutlery, electric bulbs, razor blades, aluminium and oil refining, furniture and clothing. The Government's spokesmen will tell you proudly that in respect of clothing production has risen from less than 15 per cent. to over 80 per cent. of the needs of the country. Then there is the new plant for the making of motor-car bodies, the assembling of cars, motor-cycles and trucks; the factory established at Cork by Dunlops for rubber tyres, etc. There is the prodigious increase in the manufacture of Irish boots and shoes, following upon the revival of tanning, and the glut of Irish-made bricks, sewer-pipes, tiles, etc., to meet the needs of the National Housing scheme.

Let us be quite clear. This National Food Policy—matched, by the way, now by a similar aspiration in this country since Sir John Orr's declaration at the British Association meeting at Norwich—in conjunction with the bid for home industries has no analogy with the doctrine of integral "autarchy" preached on the Continent. The idea of the Free State setting up heavy industries or even indulging in large-scale mechanised farming has never entered Mr. de Valera's head. He has repeatedly described the limited objective as being "to make the country self-supporting *in food, clothing and shelter*."

That qualifying phrase, incidentally, also underlines the distinguishing feature of what is being attempted in the Free State. It is not, strictly speaking, an economic policy at all; it is a social policy. The main preoccupation of any Government in the Free State to-day must be to provide the maximum of employment. Emigration has practically ceased. There is a large annual natural increase in the population—some 20,000 a year—and it is a question of spreading the incidence of taxation among those well able to bear it in order that a national economy may be built on sound foundations, capable in the future of providing for the increased population. Expenditure on social services amounts to £7,500,000 a year. By the Unemployment Assistance Act of April, 1934, the programme of "work or maintenance" is being faithfully carried out. By the provision of meat and milk for the necessitous, and the extensive housing schemes, some impression is being made on the poverty of remote rural districts. At the same time internal migration, as in Italy, is relieving congested areas like the Gaeltacht in Connaught and facilitating the task of land distribution and settlement. In all this the State may supply assistance and credits. But there is no trace of Socialism. The inspiration comes rather from the Papal Encyclicals dealing with social policy.

Despite the prophets of woe, the New Economic Policy does seem to be generating contentment and good cheer for the many, however much it may be mulcting the moneyed few. Recent monthly returns have shown a steady decrease in the adverse trade balance, thus bearing out the Government's claim that much of the heavy incidence of imports during the period 1932–35 was in the nature of non-recurrent expenditure on capital equipment.

Sterling holdings of the Free State outside Ireland far exceed sterling holdings by foreigners in Ireland. The same is true of industrial investments. And the soundness of the financial structure is proved by the fact that the banks continue to attract large deposits from Americans of Irish extraction. As the success of the Conversion operation at the beginning of November, 1935 (from 5 per cent. to 4 per cent.) demonstrated, the Irish people themselves are, on the whole, well satisfied with the present Government's administration of the national economy.

To sum up, the present situation of Mr. De Valera's Ireland furnishes an apt commentary upon that brilliantly phrased, if cautious, apologia for new experiments in economic policy contributed to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by Mr. J. M. Keynes in July, 1933. Mr. Keynes pointed out on that occasion that the "free trade" system, on which all good Englishmen were brought up with their mothers' milk, was giving place, whether we liked it or not, to a variety of experiments in *national* as distinguished from *world* economics—that economic policy in the different countries is bound to assume different forms corresponding to the national temperament and historical background. Irish housekeeping may be a puzzle—or a joke—to the economists. It is, at any rate, like the new Russia, a going concern.

W. HORSFALL CARTER

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE in front of me a "splash" article from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. This is a Hearst paper with the largest circulation in the north-west of the United States. The article is headed "Perfidious Albion." It deals with the League situation merely as a contest between England and Italy and declares that Italy "daily gains in the respect of mankind because her cards are on the table," while, "as usual, England's cards are up her sleeve." Great Britain, it points out, has grabbed almost half of Africa by methods similar to those now being used by Mussolini; it adds that the Jameson Raid and the Boer war were at least as bad as the invasion of Abyssinia and that the Boers needed "civilising" less than the Abyssinians. This—and much more in the same vein—is typical of what is being said in a large part of the world, and it is important that English people who imagine that this country is acting disinterestedly on behalf of the League idea and as champions of a weak nation should realise in what light their sudden conversion appears to many people abroad. In England we hear little about British interests in Lake Tana. But the French as well as the Italian papers constantly discuss it, and a well-informed article in the American *Foreign Affairs* tells the whole story of past British efforts to penetrate Abyssinia in a way that would convince anyone who is not British that our policy has been mainly prompted by imperialist reasons. To the foreigner who knows that the British bomb natives on the N.W. Frontier and elsewhere, British horror at Mussolini's behaviour seems hypocritical. Moreover, they doubt if England's conversion to collective security is so wholehearted that we are prepared to guarantee frontiers in parts of the world where our interests are not involved or to give up anything ourselves for the sake of peace. What is our real policy about the menace of German expansion? Have we completely forgotten Sir Samuel Hoare's remark about "access to raw materials" which seemed for one glorious moment to suggest that a British government had understood the necessity of economic concessions to the "have-not" Powers?

* * *

It seems to me that the Labour Party, while, I think rightly, pressing the Government to carry out its promises about collective security in Geneva, does not make enough to-do about the other side of its League policy—the constructive side. In his admirable article in the *Times* of Wednesday, Señor Madariaga urged that "security is a negative idea, daughter of fear, mother of distrust. Security can never lead men and nations to peace. . . . The impulse behind Article 16 is not the negative craving for security, but the positive, the native impulse towards a world commonwealth." Put into concrete language, this means, I take it, that you cannot keep the peace merely by guaranteeing the *status quo* in Europe. If there is not to be a big war with Germany, positive measures which offer her a legitimate outlet are as essential as guarantees against expansion by force. Realising this, some well-meaning individuals talk about scrapping the Treaty of Versailles and having a new peace conference! I can think of no quicker way towards a world war than to tell all the new states of Eastern Europe that their fate is once again in the melting pot. And I know of very few, if any, frontiers whose change would not produce more injustice than we have at present. No, the only solution is economic. Where there is free interchange of goods, frontiers matter little. The first step for Great Britain would be to reverse the tendency that began at Ottawa; a closed, or even partially closed, Empire means certain war. The next step of statesmanship would be to put all our African colonies under Mandates—which are a guarantee of free commercial entry for other countries. I know this sounds Utopian in a capitalist world and that it would be even more difficult to persuade other countries, which have now piled vested interests behind their tariff walls, to save themselves from destruction by an "open door" policy. But what is the alternative?

On Monday it was announced that the Naval Conference would go on a bit longer. "In view of the fact that the Conference was convened in the lofty hope of contributing to world peace," the Japanese delegation have been instructed "to leave no stone unturned" to maintain the structure of the Conference; they are "not to withdraw immediately, as the fullest opportunity is desired of explaining the Japanese standpoint which has not yet been fully elucidated." Though these reasons proved insufficient to keep them at the Conference they reminded me of the witticism of a journalist who claimed that he was responsible for keeping the abortive World Economic Conference in being for an extra fortnight. He was told that "no stone had been left unturned" and that the Conference was to be wound up. Were they sure, he asked, that every avenue had been explored? They were quite sure. Had every point of view been thoroughly elucidated? Perhaps not. So it went on for another fortnight.

* * *

I am not Exhibition-minded. If this country or that Dominion wants to tell me how far it has increased its exports or its population and how much bigger yams it grows than it did in the year 1850, I am content with the figures and not impressed by a graphic presentation. I got bored with Exhibitions even in Russia, where the latest technique of pictorial statistics and photographic artistry enables you to learn at a glance all about the progress of production and the decline of God. Nevertheless, I spent a fascinated hour last week at the Imperial Airways' Exhibition at the Science Museum in South Kensington. I am not surprised that its organisers have confounded the sceptics by attracting more than 100,000 visitors in the opening weeks. For quite apart from the excellent models and the unusually imaginative use of photography, you have the best chance I have come across for a long time of pressing a button and seeing the wheels go round. In imagination I have already chosen my berth in the flying-boat which is going to be the standard pattern for all long-distance Empire communications. You press a button and it all lights up and you look up at a map on the wall and decide whether you will go to Karachi or Iraq or Australia, or be content with a mere hop across to Egypt. I remember reaching an aerodrome in deepening twilight and wondering just what the wireless operator and the control station were saying to each other and how the pilot knew which way to come down to earth. In this Exhibition you can hear a conversation between Croydon and the pilot who is shut off from the earth by a dense bank of white cloud. You can look into a dark chamber and see the lights of the plane approaching the aerodrome at night and see the signals flashing up to direct the pilot's landing. Most ingenious is a large map of the air on a foggy day in which three aeroplanes, marked by moving lights, are shown flying blind, unable to see either each other or the earth. You see the lights approaching each other and read the orders flashed from the control station to the planes so that a collision is avoided. Altogether I was as thrilled by this Exhibition as the crowd of schoolboys who ran from one machine to another, turning on lights and pressing buttons. My imagination, like theirs, was caught by the glorious fun and adventure of flying .But I was less lucky than they, because I was haunted all the time by the maddening thought that this joyous conquest of the air means to my generation not so much a new chance of seeing more of this exciting world, as of leaving it in a particularly abrupt and unpleasant manner.

* * *

I have just read a very remarkable symposium on the difficult topic of *Abortion* (Allen and Unwin, 4*s.* 6*d.*). The three writers are as well contrasted as they could be. Miss Stella Browne is an enthusiast; the basis of her argument is a passionate belief in women's rights. She thinks that woman will be more free, more truly masters of their bodies if they can refuse to bear an unwanted child. Mr. Ludovici is a fanatic for the opposite point of view. His view is Göring's or Mussolini's: he does not want women to be deprived of the "experience of pleasantness in child-bearing" any more than men of the joy of dying on the battlefield. Dr. Harry Roberts' concluding essay is of a quite different quality of mind. He writes from a wide experience of the tragedies which an unwanted child may cause in conditions of ill-health and poverty and gives examples (which he has given before in this journal) of the ethical problems which such tragedies may present to a doctor who is conscientious and sensitive to suffering. He sees that the strongest practical argument for the legalisation of abortion is the terrible suffering that comes to-day from the illicit practice of abortion and the number of women who destroy their health, when they do not actually kill themselves, by trying to carry out on themselves an operation which, if done at the right time under proper conditions, is after all not a very serious affair. Weighing these evils, he sees that most, if not all of them, are due to poverty and ignorance and argues that the remedy is the endowment of motherhood. He is in favour of modifications of the present law, but not of the general legalisation of abortion. But it is clear that his conclusion is not based on utilitarian considerations. It springs from his own ingrained Puritanism, from his religious attitude to sex relations. This combination of knowledge and appreciation of the new ethics with determined adherence to Puritan values makes him one of the most interesting writers of our day on sex issues; only where the social reasons are overwhelmingly strong is he prepared to accept the "modern" attitude. So we get the interesting combination of ideas in this advice to those women who want sex experience, but are not conscious of wanting children: "My answer is this. Prescribe abstinence or contraceptives, and in case of undesired pregnancy let them see it through and prove their quality. They will often be surprised at and pleased with the outcome." This seems to me bad logic but, in general, sensible advice.

* * *

The recent amnesty in Poland is reported to have given rise to legal proceedings which must surely be unique. Some of those reprieved had been sentenced to death and the hangman is claiming compensation from the Polish Government to make up for the curtailment of his income. Apparently he was paid so much per neck and he is demanding that in future no amnesty should be declared without consulting his interests. I do not know precisely on what legal grounds he is presenting his case, but possibly he maintains that the Government's action is "in restraint of trade." It seems unlikely that his claim will arouse wide public sympathy; and the incident reveals the gross injustice which a vested interest may suffer in this quixotic, humanitarian world. Even armament makers who have so much to lose by modern humanitarianism fail to win general support when they complain about "mistaken ideals respecting the sanctity of human life." And how many of their fellow martyrs suffer in silence! Mr. Hore-Belisha does his best to do the undertakers out of a job, but I have never heard a word of complaint from the Amalgamated Undertakers' Union. CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to R. S.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

When Sir Charles Craven was being questioned by Sir Philip Gibbs yesterday he said Messrs. Vickers' trade was not particularly dangerous.

Sir Philip: You do not think your wares are any more dangerous or obnoxious than boxes of chocolates or sugar candy?—No, or novels.

Sir Philip: You don't think it is more dangerous to export these fancy goods to foreign countries than, say, children's crackers?

Sir Charles: Well, I nearly lost an eye with a Christmas cracker, but never with a gun.—Press Reports.

I am the seventh child of the seventh child of the seventh child, and to this I have always attributed my remarkable luck in life.—Letter in *Observer*.

I met a retired general with an artificial leg and a bluff manner. "I train racehorses," said he. "Some people ask how I can reconcile this with religion. Why shouldn't I? God made horses too, didn't He?"—*Sunday Dispatch* report of Oxford Group Meeting.

Separate departments in the same premises are treated as separate premises for this purpose where separate branches of work which are commonly carried on as separate businesses in separate premises are carried on in separate departments on the same premises.—Extract from a Form issued to employers by the Ministry of Labour.

The B.B.C. are to stop the use of phrases from the New Testament by entertainers. This matter came to a head last week. Clapham and Dwyer were the culprits. Clapham made a joke which did not raise much of a laugh from the studio audience. Turning to Dwyer he remarked: "That fell on stony ground."

Next day Clapham and Dwyer received a letter from the producer congratulating them on their broadcast. By the same post they received an official letter from the Director of Light Entertainment making complaint against their mis-use of the Scriptures.

In order that offence may not be given in this way the B.B.C. have drawn up a list of quotations which must not be used except by preachers and religious commentators. The list includes:—

"A voice crying in the wilderness."
"Man shall not live by bread alone."
"The salt of the earth."
"An eye for an eye."
"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
"Where your treasure is there will your heart be also."
"Let the dead bury their dead."—Report in *Evening Standard*.

THE PLIGHT OF THE HIGHLANDS

THE Members of Parliament for the Highland constituencies have been invited to attend a meeting organised by the Highland Development League in Glasgow next Monday. The immediate cause of the formation of this league was the publication of a pamphlet, *A New Deal for the Highlands*, by Dr. Lachlan Grant of Ballachulish. In his pamphlet Dr. Grant reprints a correspondence between himself and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, in which he draws attention to the intense distress prevailing in the Highland area and the need for a comprehensive survey of the whole situation with a view to taking immediate measures of reconstruction. There is no need to dilate upon the benevolent evasiveness of the answers he received.

The sickly glamour that has spread itself over the very name is a continual baulk to getting the Highlands taken seriously. Since the much-distorted romance of clan days and ultimately of the '45, practically nothing has been added in the way of historical study of that not inconsiderable tract of land. Yet in Johnson's *Journal* and the harrowing *Gloomy Memories* of Macleod, the aftermath of 1745 is implicit. Johnson, in a magnificent sentence, "To hinder insurrection, by driving away the people, and to govern peaceably, by having no subjects, is an expedient that argues no great profundity of politicks," strikes the keynote of Westminster's Highland policy as instituted after the collapse of the revolution and pursued thenceforth with a remarkable fidelity. We no longer are widely deluded that British colonial policy has been an outburst of unusual altruism and, to quote Harriet Beecher Stowe on the Sutherland evictions, "an almost sublime instance of the benevolent employment of superior wealth and power in shortening the struggles of advancing civilisation"; but the calculated ruin of the Highlands has yet to have an adequate historian. Nothing but an extreme indifference, if not even an actively hostile policy, could have caused the Government to uphold the Sutherland and other Clearances of the last century. Nothing but a persistent and ignorant fear could have moved Westminster to take so illogical a step in 1884 as the sending of warships to the Isle of Skye to intimidate unarmed crofters endeavouring to pasture their beasts on land to which they were legally entitled. The determined effort to stamp out the Gaelic language (how differently it has fared from the

Welsh tongue!) persists to our own day. Within living memory children at school were thrashed for speaking Gaelic during the play hour.

The results of such a policy are apparent in every sphere of Highland life. South Britain has recently been amused by the far-reaching effects of a Christmas dance in Dingwall. The Provost at whose house the dance was held has been excommunicated: a minister, the leading personality in the Free Presbyterian Church, who by chance slept in the house that night, has been censured. And reverberations are still audible. But to anyone acquainted with West Highland secession churches these happenings are nothing. Calvinism goes to far greater extremes in those many sections of the North that have taken refuge from oppression in the self-immolation of the secession churches, whose power and scope have kept pretty even pace with the progressive decay of the Highlands.

As the Highlands have fallen further and further behind the times, so rural legislation passed for the benefit of the South, without qualification for places where conditions are so different, has added to the difficulties of the lives of the people. Owing to slaughtering restrictions fresh meat has become a rarity in districts full of live stock. The scandal of unchecked poaching by trawlers has robbed the Highlanders of the fish so essential to the seaward populations. (The wanton spoiling of our fisheries by highly capitalised concerns is a matter that must very soon have serious results to the country as a whole.) Depopulation has reached alarming proportions. In the Isle of Skye, for instance, the population, driven out by continued evictions, dropped from 23,082 in 1841 to 13,833 in 1901, and fell steadily down to 11,031 in 1921. Then the Government, at last perturbed, instituted the Board of Agriculture scheme for repopulation. While some such scheme was to be desired, the superficiality of that instituted may be shown by the fact that the population has since gone down a further two thousand.

Under the scheme estates were bought up, subdivided, and let out, often in impracticably small patches with exorbitant rents—the Rev. Mr. Murchison of Glenelg has cited the case of a farm originally rented at £70, now divided and let out to crofters for a total rent of £200. The Board sheepstock purchases were made at prices very satisfactory from the point of view of the original owners, perhaps four times the proper value, but effectively preventing the crofters from making a penny upon sheep for which, it seems to them, they will never finish paying. Apart from such an obstacle crippling any scheme of reconstruction, was it, as Dr. Grant has asked, "honest to burden the simple smallholder with an inflated cost of sheep stock on a falling market?"

In many parts it is impossible for a crofter to make a living unless he has some outside income, perhaps a pension or a remittance from a relative abroad. Under-nourishment is the rule, and tuberculosis consequently rife. Fine young men and girls are sent every year to sanatoriums at the expense of a Government that cannot afford to give them the opportunity of making an adequate living. The Board, the biggest landlord in the north, not infrequently evicts a tenant unable to pay his rent or his interest upon a housing loan, leaving the house that he has built for himself empty (no one else will take it on), and forcing him on to poor relief in some overcrowded city. On privately owned property deer forests and large sheep farms occupy much valuable land. The large sheep farm is a most uneconomic factor; the land deteriorates with lack of cultivation, and bracken spreads unchecked. The smallholding is the only economic proposition for much of the Highland area.

Yet there remain isolated places, where landlords have been helpful or land raids successful, in which even under existing conditions of slump the crofters are able to lead a most healthy and happy existence: and few people with knowledge of the Highlands doubt that they could be widely populated with a flourishing, and to the nation vitally important, peasantry. There is great scope for the cultivation of early vegetables and of fruit, such as raspberries which luxuriate in the wet, mild climate. Much water-power remains to be tapped, and not by means of flooding fertile valleys to supply the cities of the south, but economically, for the Highlanders themselves, and for such industries as may well be started amongst them. That there are difficulties, the product of an enforced decay as well as of the inequality of progress, is undeniable. But it is no less undeniable that without some such scheme of reconstruction the Highland peasant communities are for the most part doomed to an early extinction. A few sheep farms, shooting boxes, hotels, and one or two slums imported in the sacred name of hydro-electricity, will be the only human habitations over great stretches of countryside.

GEORGE SCOTT MONCRIEFF

RETIREMENT

"WHERE would you like to retire?" asks the advertisement of a South African settlers' association. And, in order to save you mental exertion, it provides you with the answer: "Where taxation is low, where your pension will go farther, where you can live at peace." Has it come to this, then, that even in our dreams of a happy old age we must think first of all of how to avoid the tax-collector? Must we choose our place of retirement, not because we wish to live in it, but because mutton is cheaper there than in the countryside on which we had set our hearts? It may be that, when the time comes to retire, we shall be forced to settle, not where we wish to live, but where we can afford to exist. I have frequently done so in the past, and what has happened to me in the past may well happen to me again. At the same time, when I have tried to imagine my ideal place of retirement I have never thought of it as a place "where taxation is low," or even where prices are low. On such occasions I choose my home on loftier principles, leaving it to the tax-collector and the middleman to persecute me if they please.

One thing, I fancy, I should avoid if I retired. I should never go and live where other retired people are living. Here and there all over the world you will find settlements of retired people, who go for walks and play bridge and gossip about each other and Mussolini—settlements where even most of those who work are engaged in ministering to the wants of retired people. I do not like this perpetual holiday atmosphere. I prefer to be idle in a scene of labour. That is why I should be much happier living in a fishing village than in what is called a seaside town—a town that owes its existence merely to the seaside visitor. This preference of the company of workers is due, not to an ignoble feeling that freedom and idleness must be doubly sweet in a world in which nearly everybody else is still a slave (as Tertullian thought that one of the joys of Paradise was gloating over the tortures of the damned in Hell), but to recognition of the fact that, on the whole, human beings at work are more interesting to look at than human beings doing nothing. The fisherman in his clumsy boots on his way to the harbour makes more appeal to the imagination than the retired major taking his morning breather on the West Pier at Brighton. It may be that I would rather talk to a retired civil servant than to an active young ploughman, but I would rather look at an active young ploughman than at a retired civil servant. Similarly, even in these sailless days, I would rather look at a fishing-smack than at a speedboat, the first connoting work, the second (though the steersman has to work) connoting mainly pleasure. The spectacle of pleasure quickly grows monotonous; the spectacle of work never tires. So, at least, I have often thought when in a fishing village or in the country.

Whether, had I the money, I would retire to a fishing village or the country, I am not sure. If I chose the country, it would certainly be somewhere near the sea—a small house, perhaps, with a lawn reaching to the water and a garden path leading to steps where a boat was moored. Not that I am an enthusiast for boating, but I like the idea of a boat and even an occasional ten minutes row. I think I could be happy there, if it were far enough from London and, at the same time, near enough London. That is the chief problem of the man who retires to the country—to be far enough from London and near enough London at the same time. Obviously, if one goes to live in the country, one does so because one longs to be able to forget at times that London exists. One dreams of living in a world of shepherds and streams and wild birds where statesmen and their problems seem of less interest than the appearance of the first snowdrop. The world forgetting, by the world forgot—how agreeable a daydream! An enervating daydream, we are told, but are the actions of the great men of the world so fine that we have much to gain from contemplating them? Alas, we cannot escape from contemplating them. Even if we hide ourselves in some isolated island in the Hebrides, rumours of the public antics of mankind will reach us through the wireless.

I once heard a journalist—one of the most brilliant journalists I have known—saying that, if he retired, he would never open a newspaper. He maintained that, living in the country, he could become perfectly indifferent to what the outside world was doing, confident that it would muddle through more or less as it has always muddled through. I confess I did not believe him. The outside world, when once one has acquired a taste for it, is uncommonly difficult to forget. We may have no more influence on its destiny than on the course of the Trojan Wars, but we can no more lose interest in it than a Victorian schoolboy could lose interest in the plot of a penny dreadful. The outside world, indeed, of which we once hoped so much, has become an eternal penny dreadful, with every chapter ending thrillingly and keying us up to expect even greater thrills to come. It may be unedifying, but it is certainly not dull—not the sort of thing that you can leave off anywhere, like a realistic novel. Even in our holidays we are haunted by it. If I go to Italy or Spain, I buy the newspapers as greedily as at home, and try to pick up the thread of the story in languages I do not understand.

And this pressure of the outside world on us has been intensified by wireless. Many of us swore at first that this devilish invention should never be allowed to invade our homes. We knew instinctively that it was a means by which the outside world would get a still stronger grip on us. We succumbed, however, as to an experiment with a drug, and now we are all addicts. Whatever preparations we may make for our retirement, we cannot retire beyond the reach of wireless. It may be retorted that there is no need to keep a wireless set. That is like saying to a man that there is no need to preserve his hearing. The man who, having ten shillings to spare for a licence, could live without a wireless set would seem an inhuman monster even in the most outlandish parts of this outlandish island.

So much for the impossibility of retiring altogether from London and the outside world. The best that one can hope for is to be able to forget it for a few hours a day between reading the morning papers and listening in to the news bulletin in the evening. This can be achieved in the right place by means of pottering. A man with a spade in a Gloucestershire garden can easily forget what he has read in the *Times* about the Ross and Cromarty election. As he unearths for his lunch a noble root of celery which he himself has grown, the pros and the cons of the question of oil sanctions fade into insignificance. He has hopes and fears enough concentrated on his single acre of earth to keep him busy for a year and to wean his thoughts from the rest of the map of the world. The newspapers may have persuaded him for the moment that it is a bad world; but the world in which the thrush in his garden has been singing every morning during the first fortnight in January seems to him to be as good as ever it was. His plans for the flowers and vegetables during the coming months bulk far larger in his imagination than the Five-Year-Plans of the world-changers. This temporary indifference to the fate of the outside world is, I think, for the ordinary man—even for the man who has not yet retired—a necessity. It is as necessary as that recurring and refreshing interval of indifference—sleep. To retire into temporary oblivion of the outside world—for what else do most men read books, and go to theatres and cinemas and play games? Well, for several other reasons, perhaps, but the temporary escape into a less harassing world is a pleasure not to be despised.

The pleasures of pottering must be limited, however; and, even if I had retired into a paradise on earth, I imagine I should sometimes pause in my hoeing and forget the song of the birds and the prospects of my newly sown lettuce-bed in thinking of the London from which I had escaped. It is not that I love the place, but that I have grown accustomed to it, and there are people in it whom I like better than goldfinches or greenfinches or even than Dartford warblers. Not many, to be sure, but enough to matter. It is because of these people that I should like my place of retirement to be not too far from London. I should have no great desire to visit my friends, but I should have a strong desire for them to visit me and see what I had made of my garden. How brilliant London would seem in their account of it—how full of new genius and of new pleasures! One of the chief delights of retiring into the country must be to sit up late with visitors from London talking about London or, rather, listening to talk about it. It is because of this that nothing would induce me to retire to a distant part of the world, however light the taxation. I have only a mild ambition to be lightly taxed, but how could I enjoy life if I were permanently cut off from the bibble-babble of my friends? Y. Y.

Correspondence

SANCTIONS AND WAR

SIR,—I may not be able to answer for those whom Mr. T. M. Heron labels Socialist-Pacifists. But as an international Socialist I should like to state the obvious answers to the string of gibes that fill his letter in your issue of January 11th.

No international Socialist worthy of the name has ever upheld, or can ever uphold, the monstrous proposition that "what other countries do is no concern of his." Socialism as an international movement—and the world is too interlocked for effective Socialism now to be anything else—is clearly concerned with everything at home or abroad which threatens the objects to which it is directed. Since Fascism is an explicit repudiation of those objects, international Socialists are concerned in the fight against Fascism. To "tolerate" Fascism would be to betray the cause of the working class and insult the memory of all those martyrs, from Matteotti to Thälmann, whom Fascists have murdered and tortured. To Mr. Heron's question whether there is nothing in the Corporate State "worthy of our sympathetic study," we answer emphatically, "nothing." Mr. Heron rebukes English Socialists for not "turning our own distressed areas into examples of social life in the age of plenty," and not starting "a British Five Year Plan," apparently under the impression that these things can be done without a control over the political machinery of the country, which Socialists have never yet possessed. To his final gibe at the contradiction between no-more-war exhibitions, the advocacy of sanctions, and the advocacy of disarmament, the answer in short is this: (1) Socialists want no more war. (2) Socialists believe the best means of ending war to be collective security—which, of course, involves the application of sanctions against the aggressor if and when aggression occurs. (3) If a capitalist Government were to go "all out" in good faith for collective security in the above sense, Socialists would support any armament programme necessary for that purpose and that purpose only. But as there is abundant evidence that the British Government does not intend, and never has intended, to take collective security seriously, we are justified in opposing a rearmament programme undertaken on false pretences for purely Imperialist objects. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

13 Laurel Road,
Wimbledon, S.W.20.

POLITICAL SPORT

SIR,—The controversy of the Nazi Football Match is no longer, I am aware, of topical interest, but the arrangement to hold the Olympic Games in Berlin this year, an arrangement which is being opposed by many organisations throughout the world, makes the relation of sport to politics a matter of continued urgency.

The complacency with which certain sections of Liberal and Labour opinion here welcomed the Nazi footballers should be effectively destroyed by an article appearing in the Conservative *Daily Telegraph*. This article discusses the publication of a book, by the head of the "Reichsdiet" or "institution for the promotion of national characteristics," which contains the material, in form of questions and answers, for an examination in the Nazi faith compulsory upon all German sportsmen. In the preface of the book, as quoted in the *Telegraph*, we read:

"Every athlete and sportsman in the Third Reich must serve the State and contribute to the production of a standard National Socialist human body. . . . all athletic associations must receive instruction in politics and philosophy. . . . Non-political, so-called 'neutral', sportsmen are unthinkable in Hitler's state."

Follow 141 questions to which the German sportsman of the future must know the answers. British Jews who were indifferent to the football controversy will be interested in the following dictum:

"Amongst the inferior races the Jews have done nothing in the athletic sphere. They are even surpassed by the lowest of negro tribes."

British Liberals may learn that "Sport is a protest against the tyranny of liberalism and similar philosophies over the living man." Sport as it is understood in the British educational system is declared to be utterly alien to the German spirit. "German athletics are in the complete sense of the word, political."

An anti-Fascist Committee, with which I co-operated, printed several thousand leaflets at the time of the match, for distribution to German visitors. These pamphlets were headed "Sportler und Freunde aus Deutschland!" and the German text, while welcoming the opportunity of enlarging international friendship through the medium of sport, called on German sportsmen to go forward with the support of British workers against the Nazi regime, which had dissolved all free and democratic sports organisations, and imprisoned artists, scientists, and political leaders.

I understand that many of the Germans read these leaflets and put them carefully in their pockets. Nevertheless distributors were fined by a London magistrate "for conduct liable to cause a breach of the peace"—a verdict which no doubt accorded with the illiberal and false complacency of many sections of opinion in this country towards a match which was clearly regarded by the German government as of political importance.

Do not let this mistake be repeated. Let the body of anti-Nazi opinion in this country be given a clear lead by the press against British participation in the Olympic Games, if they are to be held in Berlin, under the auspices of a regime which is the principal enemy of civilisation.

DEREK KAHN

London, W.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC VOTE

SIR,—Dr. Summerskill has evidently only just found out what many Socialists have known for quite a long time, that no man can serve two masters.

The Stockport Health Committee, a few months ago, recommended to the Town Council that a Municipal Birth Control Clinic should be inaugurated for the use of poor married women, it being pointed out that the rich woman had a monopoly of this instruction, and mark you, it was quite voluntary.

But this did not suit the local Roman Catholics, who, by the way, are in a very small minority in Stockport, as well as Bury. They made such a noise and organised so thoroughly that they had the local political parties on the run, and although the Stockport Trades Council and Labour Party instructed the Labour Group in the Town Council to support the proposal, the group turned tail and failed to support its own resolution.

I write you to show what a small militant minority can achieve. Our local population is 127,000, the Roman Catholic adherents, on their own showing, being 16,000. I venture to say that Bury's R.C. percentage is less than ours in Stockport.

In conclusion, does any democratic R.C. really believe that it is fair, when a small "Rump" can dictate its policy to the majority?

The Labour candidate for Bury must blame the party H.O. for truckling to the reactionaries. Many years ago the leaders miserably failed on secular education; later they threw Sir Charles Trevelyan to the wolves in order to appease a very minute section of the party, and now they are failing on birth control. Dr. Summerskill can take heart, our time is coming.

Stockport Trades Council
and Labour Party,
3 Westland Avenue.

GEO. BURGESS
Hon. Secretary.

SIR,—May I intervene in the correspondence initiated by Dr. Summerskill, in the interests of that toleration which most of us advocate but few practise? I do not myself open subjects upon which I feel warmly, but the shortcomings of the Roman Catholic Church does not happen to be one of them.

Doubtless these shortcomings are as numerous and as great as your correspondents aver. I can only say that in my own constituency I did not find them so. I cannot believe I was uniquely blessed. Individual members of the Party who are Roman Catholics worked in my committee rooms and on polling day. I was assured of a proportion of votes quite equal to that of people belonging to other religious bodies or none. One of the five local Labour Councillors is a Roman Catholic. I was treated officially with great courtesy.

The truth of the matter appears to me to be that Dr. Summerskill was expected to do well, if not actually to win, in Bury. Consequently any stick that could be found was used with which to beat her. For another candidate another stick would have been found, and possibly one even more irrelevant.

She can at least congratulate herself that she suffered for opinions and actions for which she feels a deep devotion; and not, as in my own case, for example, for words she never uttered, faiths she never held, and courses she never advocated.

49^{8} Roland Gardens,
London, S.W.7.

HELEN M. KEYNES

TOLERATION

SIR,—On Mr. Thurtle's own showing, Mr. Lunn did not advocate that the celebration of Bradlaugh's centenary should be forbidden, nor that the celebrators should be persecuted, but simply argued that it was incongruous and unreasonable for this specifically anti-Christian centenary to be celebrated on the premises of a specifically Christian society; just as it would be incongruous and unreasonable for an atheist society to be expected to let its buildings for the celebration of the centenary of some famous churchman. What has that objection to do with the intolerance, the persecution and denial of free speech, which Mr. Lunn quite consistently denounced in his recent letter? This muddle-headed confusion of two quite different things is a commonplace of university debating societies, but Mr. Thurtle is old enough to know better.

Most of Mrs. Mitchison's letter has been answered in advance by Mr. J. L. Russell. Why should not Roman Catholic voters (even if they have, like many other voters, read no "political literature") vote according to their sympathies and preferences as Roman Catholics? And what is "undemocratic" about that? It is not a vote on conventional party lines, which is quite another matter. Mrs. Mitchison gives no evidence for her statement that in a General Election the Roman Catholic vote is "obediently anti-Socialist." How does she account for all the Roman Catholic Labour M.P.s?

Mr. Nettlefold argues that the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico and the Orthodox Church in Russia must have been very much to blame, or they would not have been persecuted. Would he (as Nazi apologists do) apply that argument to the Jews and other victims of the Nazis in Germany? And why does he write that "even" Dr. Inge would prefer "Red tyranny" to "Black tyranny"? Considering that Roman Catholicism has always been Dr. Inge's pet aversion, what else would he expect?

26 Coram Street, W.C.1.

A. M. C. FIELD

THE CASE OF MR. CHANDRA BOSE

SIR,—Will you permit me to raise again the case of Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose? It may be recalled that Mr. Bose addressed a letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION at the end of August last in protest against the refusal to endorse his passport for Great Britain. Except for this ban all other countries in Europe are open to him, even Soviet Russia—a somewhat grotesque position if he be in any sense what the Governments of India and of Bengal apparently regard him as being.

On December 9th last the matter was raised in the House of Commons, and the Under-Secretary of State for India informed the House that Lord Zetland considered that Mr. Bose's presence in Britain would be undesirable. Mr. Butler also stated that it was Mr. Bose's connection with the Bengal revolutionary movement which made it necessary to order his original detention in prison.

I am not concerned to defend Mr. Bose in this matter. The point that I want to make is this. This British subject was arrested and interned on January 2nd, 1932, under a Regulation made in 1818 for conditions then obtaining in India. He has never been informed of any charge against him save the vague official suggestion of connection with the Bengal revolutionary movement—meaning the terrorist—an accusation the truth of which he has persistently denied; and he has never been brought to trial in any Court of Law where he could defend himself against the secret charges of anonymous police. Let it be noted that it is now four years since his arrest and that the Government has taken no public steps whatever to substantiate its vague suggestion. When Mr. Bose's health broke down in prison he was released in order to come to Europe for treatment, and has since been in Switzerland, Austria, Germany and Italy.

That in the conditions obtaining in India in 1818 repressive action may have been needed is conceivable. I do not know. Repression of proved terrorists to-day may also find excuse, though clearly it is more important to remove the economic causes of occasional terrorism in Bengal than to engage in mere repression, a point much lost sight of. But what sense is there in treating an Indian public man in the manner in which Mr. Bose is being treated, and on the basis of unproved and unchallengeable police reports? This is 1936 and not 1818. It can never be enough for an official to say that he is convinced of the truth of a charge. No one can justify leaving the liberty of the subject in the hands of officials, unless the Government be a complete tyranny. And that is the entire negation of that liberty.

Such cases of autocratic treatment in India, and this is but one among many, have produced and are producing a dangerous atmosphere in which to implement a new constitution, as it is proposed to do this year. Since enquiry has been made into the gross charge levelled against Mr. Jawaharlal Nehru in the Bengal Government's Administrative Report and that charge has now, very rightly, been withdrawn and regret expressed, may it not be urged that a similar enquiry should be made into the vague charge made against Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose?

This is not a personal or individual matter, but one involving the value to be attached, by those not born in these islands, to British citizenship. Can a British Government maintain against a British citizen an indefinite repressive ban, and that without attempt at public justification? CARL HEATH,

Chairman, Indian Conciliation Group

Manor Way, Guildford.

TERRITORIAL PLANNING

SIR,—Lord Marley reproaches me for not mentioning the Report of the Departmental Committee of the Ministry of Health on Garden Cities and Satellite Towns of which he was chairman.

I do not deserve the reproach. I am well acquainted with this excellent document and with many other reports, both official and unofficial, not to mention a mass of books and articles on the subject. I intended to refer to all these when I said "All kinds of promising ideas have been discussed, from the reservation of the entire coast to the establishment of national parks; from the creation of parkways to the building of satellite towns." But the essential point I was trying to bring out in my articles was that very little has been *done*. When I said that no attempt has been made to weave all the changes of recent years into a well-designed pattern of social life I meant that no practical move of importance has taken place. It would have been grossly unfair and inaccurate to suggest that nothing had been attempted by way of discussion or the formulation of ideas and I did not mean to allege that.

May I add that I hope everyone—particularly those who live in the London region—will read the Report of Lord Marley's Committee? WILLIAM A. ROBSON

6 Westbourne Park Road, W.2.

CHINESE ART

SIR,—I was delighted with Mr. Clive Bell's lively "Notes on the Chinese Exhibition" last week. But such a master of provocative urbanity must surely be granted the compliment of getting a rise out of someone.

My blood boiled as I read that "judged by the highest standards" ("highest" presumably in the sense in which Mr. Waley has recently spoken of "high antiques," or in which the French speak of "haute époque") "Chinese art, after the early Ming period—after 1500, say—falls into the second class. It remains admirable in technique always and in taste often; but taste and technique are not enough." I groaned in spirit at the phrase "From Chou to Ch'ing (i.e. from the earliest times till 1912), it would almost be true to say, the road has led downhill all the way."

Finally, I read with sad resignation, "Chinese painting to-day is as able and insignificant as it was a hundred years ago."

But I was delighted with Mr. Clive Bell's refusal to be intimidated by talk about calligraphy; I enjoyed, too, the strictures on the popular "100 Geese," and the apt mention in connection with it of Joseph Crawhall (given by a printer's error as Crowhall) and of Hokusai (given perhaps this time by Mr. Clive Bell himself in his character of comic francophil, as Hokousai, which was indeed the way it would have been spelt "*chez* Vignier in old days.") What I didn't like was the strain of disparagement of "later work." I forgive it in Mr. Clive Bell, for he is the least old-mannish of critics, and if he would see a few more good specimens of "later art" I know he would soon become an ardent advocate of it. It is certainly not well represented at the Chinese Exhibition. The worst of it is, too, that there *is* something in what he says. The Chinese know it very well themselves. I have just seen an article in a Chinese magazine headed "There is no such thing as an 'Art of the Ch'ing dynasty." But the tone of the article is as of one who should write the so-called "Fine Arts" of the nineteenth century were born dead.

The great artists of the Ch'ing dynasty (seventeenth century to A.D. 1912) were as much outcasts in that age as many of the great men of the nineteenth century in Europe. To the present day, some of the best known of them are still referred to as "The Eight Eccentrics." I am glad to be able to tell Mr. Clive Bell that Herr Werner Speiser is contemplating a book on painting from the fourteenth century till to-day. There is hope of an English edition. There is less hope, I fear, of our seeing good originals in Europe. The Chinese and Japanese are collecting them very keenly. W. W. WINKWORTH

Burlington Fine Arts Club,
17 Savile Row.

Miscellany

WITH A FOOTBALL IN SPAIN

ASSOCIATION football leads to the establishment of a mythology in every country which boasts a couple of goalposts, and probably half the football in Europe takes place outside the British Isles.

A prominent aspect of this mythology is the angelic anonymity of the players. Within St. Peter's gate, one supposes, Uncle Harold Bodd, deceased, becomes the Angel Harold, or just one of the Harold Angels: nobody calls him the Angel Bodd. Similarly, in villages the world over, butcher, baker and candlestick-maker assume the new character of right-half, centre-forward and goalie. A discerning spectator may bear in mind these qualifications, though at the time of play it is not good form to speak them aloud. They appear ultimately in obituary notices such as proclaim the deceased an "old established candlestick maker and an invincible centre-forward."

The village hairdresser may be an artist with a cut-throat razor, a veritable maestro in the ladies cubicle with a permanent wave, but, shorn of the use of his fingers, in the position of right back, one discovers the new quality in the man.

Our hero was a Catalan, a supple strip of a fellow. We should see him, he said, at the dancing on Saturday night, and there he was to tell us if he had made arrangements for us to see the great match against Taballera on the following Sunday afternoon. Bullfights, he said, were tame compared with this exhibition of force and agility. The people of Taballera, he said, would bite the dust.

On the Saturday the music of five trumpets filled the night with the rhythm of the Sardana, a Catalan national dance. Bare arms and lightly clad bodies swept easily in a crescent to the shuffle and snap of sand-shoes upon the village square. The moon, almost warm, rose behind the olive groves upon the hill. Association football seemed as far away as Wembley.

Our barber, however, leading a figure with the grace of a daffodil in the wind, caught my eye and telegraphed that all would be well. Football was nearer than ever. It was arranged that we were to travel in the spectators' bus due to leave at 1.30.

Fortunately we were the first of the forty-six persons who eventually inserted themselves in this vehicle. Latecomers, arriving about 1.15, made their way to a kind of garden seat, a sensational excrescence peculiar to the roof of Spanish motor buses. Then, towards 1.30 appeared really latecomers, and their arrival was the signal for a final clamour of pandemonium. It was clear that those seated within must have had tickets, but that did not prevent these would-be football fans from leaning in at the windows to shout threats and reproaches. The people of Taballera might have been invited to bite the dust; the supporters of the visiting team were consigned to hell-fire before they set out.

To one or two of these supporters at least that threat was never closer than during the omnibus drive to Taballera. We were whirled on four skidding wheels around the frantic bends of the mountain road, the windows on one side opening upon an ever-changing void, inaccessible and nebulous as the campo of the nether regions. An elderly lady from the grocery store, who was about to see her first football match, a mountainy man who knew what a drop of a few feet felt like, two young fishermen and myself, closed our eyes and prayed at every corner. But the preliminary discomfort of the journey across the mountains, the dangers of death, are nothing to Spanish football fans.

The football pitch of Taballera lay at the extreme end of the town. It was a more or less level piece of ground bounded on one side by the main road, and upon the other side by the Mediterranean. It was part grass, part shingle and part trodden earth. On three sides it was girt about by the high mountains; and this afternoon it was raked by a cross wind off the sea. The supporters of both sides sat down happily together upon the beach, which formed an admirable grandstand.

When they kicked off it was evident in the first few moments that the impression given by the hairdresser of a field of blood and bitten dust was the result of his picturesque fancy rather than an expression of fact. The game was played at nearly double the pace of an English game of this character, the only modification of it being a curtailment of barging, on account of the dangerous surface. With the speed of snipe and the figures of ballet dancers, the players gave an exhibition of skill which was a joy to watch. It was a delicate game of soccer, such as might have been played by very good—perhaps by celestial—schoolboys. There was plenty of scoring, and the spectators celebrated each point by dancing upon the shingle. Figuratively speaking, the people of Taballera bit the dust, losing by five to eleven; though the most striking feature of the game was the fact that nobody fell down, except the lazy waiter from the Bar Miramar who, as goalie, dived with an energy and resource which saved his side again and again.

After the game the lazy waiter was being honoured on all sides, and, sad to relate our hero, the hairdresser, was not respectfully treated. The skill of his feet, unlike his hands, said his detractors, left a lot to be desired. Surely the third waiter at the Hotel Maritim would have been a better choice.

Though the Latin people now respect the authority of the referee's whistle with all the compunction of their Anglo-Saxon brethren, they have lost no time also in laying the guilt of loss or victory at the door of those universally maligned but presumably well-meaning men, the "selectors."

JOHN PUDNEY

TWO CHINESE POEMS

GOING OUT OF THE EAST GATE

(Ch'u ch'i Tung Mên—Chêng Fêng XIX)

GOING out of the East Gate,
There are girls like clouds;
Although like clouds,
They fill not my thoughts:
In a white silk dress and grey cap
Is my pleasure.

Going by the tower in the curtain-wall,
There are girls like flowering rushes;
Although like flowering rushes,
They fill not my thoughts:
In a white silk dress and madder cap
Is my happiness.

ON THE MOUNTAINS ARE BUCKTHORNS

(Shan Yu Ch'u—T'ang Fêng II)

ON the mountains are buckthorns,
In the marshlands are elms;
You have dresses and robes,
Why not trail them, why not wear them?
You have carriages and horses,
Why not gallop, why not drive fast?
You are bound to die and other men will enjoy them.

On the mountains are Ailanthus trees,
In the marshlands are "niu"-trees;
You have courts and rooms,
Why not wash them, why not sweep them?
You have bells and drums,
Why not strike them, why not beat them?
You are bound to die and another will keep them safe.

On the mountains are varnish trees,
In the marshlands are chestnut trees;
You have wine and food,
Why not daily strike the drum and lute
And add to your pleasure and lengthen the day?
You are bound to die and another will enter your room.

Translated from the Chinese by H. MacGognigle.

MESSRS. COWARD, COWARD AND COWARD

MR. COWARD is the resident djinn of our theatre. His experiments with "effects that are comic and tragic" bring to the Phœnix his latest bowl of caviare for the particular; for since Wilde no dramatist has exercised such a fascination on the public or inspired such devotion in a small band of people. You may hold different views as to the permanence of Mr. Coward's work, but there is never a question that what he gives you will be real "theatre"; for when Mr. Coward was born a footlight twinkled. His present revival of the short play has a real advantage. His own mercurial temperament does not respond to the restraint of a continual run, while Miss Lawrence's high spirits have always led her to guy her parts as the run went on; but here the infinite variety puts her to less temptation.

Of the three plays in the first bill *Red Peppers* will have an instantaneous success. I always prefer Mr. Coward's kickshaws to his emotion, which except when he is sentimental is not always sure. Here is a shrewdly observed and admirably acted caricature of a music-hall team, who are in every sense of the word a team. Watch Miss Lawrence turn like a little hen-sparrow from beating her husband over the head with her wings to spattering the mud all over the bully-cock of the roost in the person of the Yorkshire manager (Mr. Alan Webb). And in her numbers with Mr. Coward we have the old irresistible guttersnipe brilliance of her "Winnie the window-cleaner" days. This sketch is a riot and Mr. Coward adds another talent to his bag, surprising everyone, perhaps even himself, by the neatness of his tap-dancing.

The most ambitious of the plays, the *Astonished Heart*, just fails, I think, because of Mr. Coward's unsuitability to the part. His restrained type of emotional acting is very effective up to a point, though I wish he wouldn't embrace Miss Lawrence quite so woodenly—a psychiatrist has no business to have inhibitions—but it doesn't carry him through the suicide scene; but given someone of the calibre of Lucien Guitry and I think the play would move up to the level on which it lies. I don't believe in the premise—most psychiatrists are too level-headed to let Harley Street go so easily—nor can I imagine any wife of that age allowing her husband's mistress to spend his last moments with him, but granted these points the play is well built up and theatrically gripping. Miss Alison Leggatt in the best-written part, that of the wife, gave a performance of great distinction; Miss Lawrence as a conventional vamp took her one chance and played the finale beautifully.

I liked *Family Album* the least of this bill. The tale of these seven black crows is really a charade and should be judged as such, but it falls midway between O. Henry and A.L.O.E., while its tilting at Victorian sentiment really finds its mark in Mr. Coward's own words put in the mouths of his daguerreotypes. The music, except for *Dorothy Married a Lawyer* is not up to his best level and I longed for Miss Moya Nugant's fresh and lovely voice in the music-box waltz; the stars were not up to singing this. Here, by the way, is an actress who is due for a principal part in operetta, when it comes into its own again. The worst or best of Mr. Coward is that, even when you don't like his ideas, his felicitous touch always beguiles you from your annoyance that he has fallen below his best and the production and decor of *Family Album* are a joy from start to finish.

The second bill is less uneven. *Hands Across the Sea* is naval life seen through the wrong end of the telescope, with the horrors of the repayment of favours accepted on a journey thrown in. This brilliantly scored piece of vapidity shows that Mr. Coward is due for a full-length St. James' comedy of manners, which will finally pin the world of telephonitis to its cork. Miss Lawrence bubbled her way through this gin-and-tonic gala; Mr. Coward and Mr. Underdown knew their "Goat," Mr. Webb and Miss Leggatt their "pahits," while two admirable pieces of fooling were provided by Mr. Pelissier and Mr. Carten; I should have liked to have seen Miss Martita Hunt in Miss Everly Gregg's part.

Fumed Oak is Mr. Coward's idea of *The Purple Pileus* and in it he gives his best performance in either bill. Both he, as the tintype of all commuters, and Miss Nugent as his snivelling high-school daughter are comedy of a high order, and his grasp of the constraint and irritation of suburban life in a small flat are worthy of the Brighouse-St. John Ervine school. But Mr. Coward never writes anything which is not personally his and his angle on these grubby unfortunates has the true Coward twist. Miss Lawrence was less good than usual though she managed to make herself look almost ugly, a no mean feat.

On *Shadow Play* Mr. Coward has probably worked the hardest. His idea of the effects of modern life on marriage and the half-waking illusion of the past seen in the coma of the wife, who has taken an overdose of sleeping-draught, is admirable stagecraft, if a trifle long. The kaleidoscope of events turns charmingly, except for a Cavalcadish outburst of expressionism with stabbing spotlights and people saying unceasingly, "the Florida, the Four Hundred, the Four Hundred, the Florida." and there is at least one first-rate number, *Play, Orchestra, Play*. Miss Lawrence is here at her very best, looking quite lovely, acting effectively in the more neurasthenic scenes, simply and movingly in the flash-backs to the lovers' honeymoon; there is one admirable suggestion of moving into a dream-world when the walls of the room fade backward as the conversation turns.

When all is said and done these bills are a considerable achievement for one man. Of the three members of the firm I put Mr. Coward, the producer, in a class by himself, Mr. Coward, the author and composer next, Mr. Coward the actor last; and yet what are the chief male parts in his plays like without him in them? Miss Lawrence by thought has achieved the impossible and added at least ten inches to her theatrical stature, and Mr. Coward's genius for casting has brought his little group as near perfection as possible. But it is to the others behind the scenes on whom Mr. Coward so much depends that one must drink a toast also, Miss Calthrop, subtle and skilful always, Miss Elsie April and all those humbler people who make part of the pattern; for it is Mr. Coward's knack of inspiring a band of first-rate workers that give his plays such finish. Leigh Ashton

THE FEMININE TOUCH

Nothing can be sillier than sex-conscious or class-conscious or race-conscious art; or rather, such a thing can scarcely be: for once a man or woman sits down deliberately to paint (or write) like a man or a woman, like a gentleman or a cad, like an Englishman or a Frenchman, he or she almost invariably ceases to be an artist. On the other hand, we all enjoy the aristocratic flavour, the Attic salt, the feminine touch. To-day, legitimately anxious to show what they can do when given a chance, women naturally enough profess a cult for such contemporary writers as Virginia Woolf, Stella Benson, Rosamond Lehmann, Katharine Mansfield and Miss Compton Burnett; since here are women who hold their own with the best of the men. I suggest that the hierophants now turn their attention to English painting, for in Ethel Walker, Vanessa Bell, Frances Hodgkins and Patricia Preece they can boast of four names not one of which could be omitted from a short list of our best living painters.

It so happens that, at this moment, two of the four are showing their work in London. At the Wertheim Gallery is to be seen an agreeable collection of pictures—none of them I think quite new—by Miss Hodgkins. Hers is essentially feminine painting; gay, intelligent, and never pushed an inch beyond her scope. Such a picture as No. 19 is manifestly a woman's invention. The delight is spontaneous though the method of expressing it is sophisticated—in a man it would perhaps have appeared affected. Miss Hodgkins' pictures make one think of those comments on life with which women often charm us, the least little bit artificial may be, influenced possibly by a man, but illuminating in the exact and best sense of the word. Personally, I regret what I take to be the masculine influence of Dufy in some of her pictures, of Paul Nash in others. She is at her best when she is most herself, and therefore most feminine.

Very different is the art of Miss Preece, who shows at the Lefevre Gallery; superficially it is anything but feminine. This sounds grave, for there is no surer way of injuring a woman's talent than using it as though it were a man's. It is probable that George Eliot had as much genius, as much creative energy and as much sheer brain-power as any Victorian novelist. Her mannishness was her undoing, and drags her down to a level considerably below that on which Miss Austen and the Brontës stand—demure, fierce, frantic but all in petticoats—beside the greatest artists of their own or any other age. Superficially Miss Preece may appear to be trying to paint like a man, but she is not. What she has to express is neither tentative nor gay, but it is a woman's point of view unmistakably. Partly it may be her choice of subjects, which remind us, accidentally I believe, sometimes of Sickert and occasionally of Gertler, that gives a masculine air to her pictures; partly that, getting close to these subjects, she seems to treat them harshly. Power to concentrate on the subject is her most impressive gift, and in such a picture as *Girl In Yellow Dress*, where her hold has never been relaxed, this concentration crystallises in a fine impassioned calm. This is probably the best thing in the show, though the flower-pieces No. 2 (but here the drapery is less surely felt than the flowers) and No. 5 come very little short of it, if at all.

As Mr. Duncan Grant points out in his preface, Miss Preece has a strong sense of character. This, combined with her power of concentration, produces sometimes in her drawings an analysis so rigorous that one begins to feel sorry for her models. In her painting this alarming gift comes less into action. There is plenty of character, to be sure, in the face of the old gentleman who has posed for her three or four times; but this "character," I surmise, is there for all the world to see and needs no psychologist to extract it. Her technique has been influenced by Cézanne, and when the influence has been assimilated, as in *The Visitor* (No. 10), the result is excellent. Indeed, her painting is generally admirable—look at the flesh in the big picture, No. 16. It would be as great a mistake to suppose that because this lady is interested in character her art is literary rather than plastic, as to conclude that it must be mannish because her powers are virile. CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"2nd Bureau" at the Curzon

One of the several merits of this deft, entertaining French spy-film is that, like *La Bandera*, it introduces natural undertones of truth into a movie melodrama. Not that the *story* is probable, or even possible. Unreality is to be expected of a spy-film: in fact it's more than half the attraction of this particular type of fantasy that, when handsome officer stoops to folly and finds, just in time, that what Olga wants is not the money in his pocket-book but the formula for destruction Z 519, he should promptly produce all that heavily veiled cunning and floodlit finesse which your poker-faced G-men and bland gangsters cannot hope to imitate. But even film espionage is twice as good if it *looks* real; and the German scenes here, though lightly parodied, were obviously shot in Germany; the Parisian sets were natural and chic. *2nd Bureau* is an exciting film, subtle, quick-moving, wonderfully involved—and directed by a man with ideas. For example, the opening sequence, even more startling than that of *La Bandera*: a tree in blossom; field, yapping dogs in a trench; group of felt-hatted men in gas-masks; a grenade hurled into the trench; smoke and silence; then vigorous handshakings and congratulation among the snouted sub-human beings seen dimly through the death-fumes. . . . An "amusing" film, convincingly acted by Jean Murat, Vera Korène of the Comédie Française, Pierre Larquey and Jean Galland (the husband in *Remous*); if you like spy-stuff, a film not to be missed.

"Sans Famille" at the Academy

It was, apparently, devilish droll that in the French film version of a sad French minor classic a London policeman should speak French. Academy audiences and the cinema-columnists in general are agreed on that point. What a pity that an English director didn't make *Sans Famille!* There were such excellent opportunities for a drunken scene in the slums or at least for a close-up or two of a beer-bottle: then we could all have had a good laugh. As it was, we might have relished the Dickensian breadth, sympathy and distress of the strolling-player scenes—but the film was far too episodic, depressing, and badly made. Robert Lynen, who has grown lanky, acts very sensitively still; and Dorville was delightful too. Unfortunately no actor can save a film, and the director was woolgathering. But as for the falsity of his London scenes, I have yet to see an American picture, set anywhere outside the States, that bore the faintest semblance of reality or carried half the conviction of the average travel-poster. And the English film foreigner hails from Mars or the music-halls. . . . Not a finger should we raise in our own crowded glasshouse.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, January 17th—
Young Egypt Society. Meeting to hear Statement from delegates on the Actual Conditions in Egypt, Kingsway Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, January 18th—
English String Players, Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Herbert Read on "Art under Dictatorship," 4 Meard Street (off Dean Street, Soho), 3.

SUNDAY, January 19th—
W. B. Curry on "Some Outworn Ideologies," Conway Hall, 11.
Paul Robeson and Simon Barer, Albert Hall, 3.
"The Way of a Wife," Aldwych Theatre.

MONDAY, January 20th—
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "World Conciliation and Its Problems," Conway Hall, 8.30.
Dramatic Society's Performance of "Little Plays of St. Francis," University College, Gower Street.
"Quality Street," Croydon Repertory Theatre.

TUESDAY, January 21st—
Dr. A. Maude Royden on "The Christian Standard for Foreign Affairs," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Dr. S. Zuckerman on "The Physiology of Fertility in Man and Monkey," Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
Dr. Charlotte Bühler on "The Development of the Pre-School Child," Institute of Education, Southampton Row, 5.30.
Dr. J. C. Flugel on "The Family and Its Vicissitudes," Conway Hall, 7.
Aldous Huxley on "The Problem of Peace," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.
Rt. Hon. Lord Phillimore on "Housing in Relation to Employment," 13 Suffolk Street, S.W., 8.15.

WEDNESDAY, January 22nd—
Dora Russell on "A Left Wing Policy for Education," Conway Hall, 8.
Films and Film Making. Hugh Gray on "The Scenario," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.
H. W. Durant on "Leisure in the Machine Age," Le Play House, 35 Gordon Square, 8.15.

THURSDAY, January 23rd—
"The Immortal Swan," Regal Cinema, 8.45.

FRIDAY, January 24th—
P. J. Noel Baker on "British Foreign Policy," The Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, 8.15.
"Follow the Sun," Adelphi Theatre.

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VEBLEN by J. A. Hobson
MARX by Professor Karl Korsch

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

English Fabric, by F. J. Harvey Darton (Newnes, 10*s.* 6*d.*) is not at all what you would expect a book about English country life and English country people to be like—particularly since the author's county is Dorset. It is a book hard to describe, rather hard to read and very hard to be fair to. It is a cross-grained, uncomfortable book, full of good things, full of knowledge and full of truth. To write happily, a writer must love not only the subject but the audience whom he is addressing. Here the author most emphatically does not love his audience which he knows well enough will be mainly composed of the townspeople and week-enders and resettlers whom he hates, because they swarm, shouldering the labourers out of the best cottages and filling the country without forming part of its life. This well-founded, or at least intelligible, dislike gives more than a shade of truculence to the author's writing. And if he hates his audience, he hates himself also for writing a book which will be read by them only.

> I should hate to add to the number of books which discover the beauty of England and describe new paths to explore it. Still more depressing to me would it be to be bright and cheery about rustic characters and quaint customs.

With these words he begins his preface, and since, willy-nilly, he is going to write about rustic characters and quaint customs, he resolves to infuse as much gall as possible into his account of them. There is something in this attitude which reminds me of W. H. Hudson's description of watching vipers. When a passer-by expostulated with him for not killing the vipers, because his son had been bitten, and had nearly died, old Hudson described himself as growling out angrily: "What does it matter to me whether your son lives or dies. I care nothing about your son; I'm fond of vipers." Unfortunately for Mr. Harvey Darton and for W. H. Hudson, they wanted to write books which neither the Dorset peasantry, nor the vipers, are in a position to read.

* * *

Richard Jefferies who loved and knew Wiltshire as scarcely any writer has known any part of England, and who hated the town, hardly suspected the horror which Mr. Harvey Darton sees so clearly, and which most embitters him, for in Jefferies's time the country was unquestionably alive, with a life of its own. Nowadays, Mr. Harvey Darton feels it is being starved and engulfed. To quote the next sentence from his preface:

> It has occurred to me that real people still live in the English countryside—live *on* it—and that they are not exhibits for inspection by "foreigners." Their existence is often not simple and not lovely. They are inclined to be earthy. They are dying out and no amount of preservation of Rural England will keep them alive. . . . England in its rural areas is once more in danger of becoming two nations.

That is the burden of the book and accounts for the bitterness which inspires it. Whenever the author remembers his audience, he feels a home truth or two is necessary and does not spare us; it is all the same to him whether we are retired civil servants, hikers, *rentiers* who live in the country because it is cheaper, or are hermits who only venture abroad from our gardens when we feel sure the neighbours are looking the other way. If we are not farmers or labourers, he hates us.

> The fact is the enjoying half of the village population, those whose aim is more and more leisure rather than a struggle for existence, are not really living the rural life: they are living the urban life predatorily in the country and thinking of the land as a pleasure area in which they have a right to their own conditions. (It should be a decree that no one should take a house in a rural area unless he performed, or was directly responsible for, some definite rural work: not committee work but work on, or arising out of the land itself. He should have, in the old phrase, strictly interpreted, "a stake in the country.")

* * *

Mr. Harvey Darton writes chiefly of the country round Cerne Abbas, and the great chalk figure of the Cerne giant brandishing his club and exhibiting his phallus dominates his mind and symbolises for him the spirit of nature, of ruthless plague and equally ruthless fertility, and also the spirit of the countryman who depends upon that fertility and directs it. He does not want us, however, to believe that the giant is a primitive god, but puts forward the theory that he was cut in the chalk by the club-men of Cromwell's time, who banded together to drive out the Roundheads and Cavaliers alike, since the Civil War seemed to them an intolerable nuisance. Such bands of peasants were common during the Russian Revolution when Russia was being ravaged by red and white armies. If many farm labourers were of our author's mind, these bands would surely spring into existence, and the week-ending cottagers, the hikers on the downs and summer visitors would be their first victims. But I must confess that I am rather shocked at the ancient god of sexual fertility being appropriated in this way for such a very lost cause.

* * *

It is perhaps worth while reminding ourselves that Mr. Harvey Darton's xenophoby is exceptional. Village labourers are not like Red Indians being driven further west by waves of white settlers who destroy them, while they make England into one suburban pleasure garden. The visitors are often a curse—but even at their worst they provide subject for scandal and amusement as well as rage. Moreover, as he admits elsewhere, they do not come empty-handed. They pay their way and often help in other matters—give advice about a sick child or help in running the cricket club. The fact is that less than ever before "England in its rural areas is in danger of becoming two countries." Before the war there were two worlds—town and country, and the convalescent Cockney printer, sent down for a breath of country air, was a rare puzzle for the old Surrey native who had lived all his life within twenty miles of Fleet Street. But, alas, England is no longer made up of these clear-cut worlds. Since the coming of the motor, the towns have burst and lie scattered broadcast, horribly. New communities are springing up and the old communities run to meet them. In all directions a changed life, neither of town nor *real* country, is becoming the rule in England. Mr. Harvey Darton says: "Motorists are almost alien, of another kind of civilisation." True fifteen years ago, to-day this is grotesque. Country life in the Midlands has been entirely transformed by the villager who has started a bus or "whippet" coach. He runs a service to various towns within a radius of fifteen miles on certain days of the week, and in summer makes up parties, who go off before dawn and return after midnight from excursions to the seaside, or to such places as Whipsnade. All the active villagers own bicycles and a fair number of likely youths have motor cycles when they are in funds. As a result there is much less organised life in the villages and much more life in the small country towns which often have two or three cinemas. Village football and cricket clubs often play against villages which their grandfathers regarded as being at the ends of the earth. For such reasons the English village is far less stagnant than it was. The good points of the book are due to the fact that he knows English village life and people far more intimately than most writers. He knows it far better than I do, for example, though I have lived more than half my life in the country and once worked for two years as an agricultural labourer. He can tell one things about sheep, about farming, about the village pub and the women's institute which one has spent thirty years without finding out. It is not only the week-end visitor who will feel chastened when he has read this book. Many people besides myself will feel ashamed, I think, after reading:

> It is hesitation, shyness, fear, lack of companionship which are the enemy. . . . Do you know what the State (that is *you* plus *you* plus *you* . . . to the *n*th, as one person) has provided about footpaths, market rights, shop hours, housing, wages?

English Fabric is indeed a very unusual book: it is an appeal to conscience which gets home. Those who have consciences can hardly fail to find it disagreeable. For that reason they should read it.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Christina. By CLAUDE HOUGHTON. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Joshua Todd. By FULTON OURSLER. *Lane.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Fortune and Men's Eyes. By GEORGE CRONYN. *Cape* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Three of the Three Million. By LEONHARD FRANK. *Lane.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

See How They Run. By JERRARD TICKELL. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The holidays are over. A new term has begun. Let's hope we are going to like it better than the last. There are going to be some treats in it, a new novel by Aldous Huxley (his first book for three years), new novels by George Orwell and Rosamond Lehmann, and for the first time in England, the stories of Katharine Anne Porter, one of the finest and quite the most inaccessible of American writers. Meanwhile, it is not so easy to settle down with the week's crop of novels. They look all right at first, but:

> O dreadful is the check—intense the agony—
> When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see
> When the pulse begins to throb—the brain to think again—
> The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

However, I can recommend *Christina* as good train reading and *Joshua Todd* as promising and full of interest. Claude Houghton is rather a bogy man to me. His first editions soar (*I Am Jonathan Scrivener* fetches five pounds), though they have lately been rather dispossessed by Mr. James Hilton's, and there is a general aura of mystery, intensity, and up-to-dateness about his books. For instance, Mr. Hugh Walpole, the Hollywood critic, calls him " one of the most interesting and one of the most important novelists now writing in England." Actually he seems to me to be the typical upper middlebrow novelist, with the tendency to mystification and uplift that I have commented on as a great middlebrow characteristic, and with a certain genuine talent as a story-teller which is impaired by faking. First of all, the mood is faked. An electrical air of crisis is generated—not the real crisis that arises in a novel from the course of circumstances, but a state of high tension brought about by a constant use of phrases like " My g*d ! " " Good g*d, man (or woman), can't you keep still " or (p. 8) " The club or a restaurant—which ? or neither ? and, if neither, *what ?* " or by the dialogue :

> The silence lasted over a minute, then Norris said almost in a whisper : : (*sic*)
>
> " Will you go ? "
>
> " But, look here —— "
>
> " For god's sake, *go !* "
>
> He yelled the last word. Almost immediately, however, he sank into a chair and buried his head in his hands.

I don't believe this kind of thing is as difficult to do as it looks. Then the names make me suspicious, they are always so brusque and challenging, Peter Brand, Joyce Cairn, John Norris, Masters, Renfrew, Hugh Grahame, Westcott, Farley, Hayes. And his artists and city men do nothing true. There is something artificial about their clipped, staccato phrases, while, when one comes across a type one does know in the flesh—the successful interior decorator—the exaggeration is obvious. " O this really is too frantically marvellous ! " etc. As for the story, Peter Brand, city magnate, with thousand-a-year Park Lane flat, loses his beautiful wife, the daughter of a Bohemian. After her death he finds a packet of love-letters to an unknown man, and an address book. Determined to revenge her infidelity he goes out and makes friends with the names in the book—all artists and failures. Finally he takes action. The theme—the standards of success in this world and their relation to those who fall short of them—is a real one, and so is that other preoccupation of Mr. Houghton with the disintegration of successful people—how soon they can be converted from successes into failures ; but the failures in this book are not so genuine and that is where the uplift comes in. And I can't believe in Peter Brand either, or that two people can drink a bottle and a half of brandy between them after a great many drinks before and at dinner, and I can't believe that you will not guess to whom the letters are written by the end of the first chapter, as I did—but it remains an exciting and readable book, just not a good one, that's all.

> " Are you there ? "
>
> " Yes, I'm *here*," Brand replied, irritably.

Who wants to come up and see him ?

Joshua Todd is a long, obviously autobiographical novel, and even then it doesn't finish, but waits patently for a sequel. It is a typical example of the eight-and-sixpenny school, the " now let me see, is there anything I've left out " or steamer trunk variety. But it is an extremely authentic, vivid and interesting picture of American life, of the middle-class, small town, Dreiser and Lewis sort, flavoured with a faint spice of the uneasy South. It presents again the problem of the mute, inglorious Milton, or rather of the writer born with real talent yet condemned to an environment where talent does not thrive. The specious attitude to this predicament is to say, " if an artist has a real vocation it will triumph over all obstacles—look at Keats," and then to name others who have risen from unsuitable surroundings or from the economic treadmill—" there is no such thing as a mute, inglorious Milton—if a Milton, he can't be inglorious," they go on. But a vocation needs just as much care and protection as anything else ; how much better Poe, for example, would have written if he had known where the next meal was coming from—great talent, genius if you like, is very easily worried out of people or made to expend itself on fruitless issues. Gardeners do not plant bulbs upside down because they will flower in any case if they are worth it, or omit to put straw and sacking round trees when the frosts come, on the grounds that they will fruit just the same without them. Joshua Todd is a young man who devotes the first half of his life to supporting himself, then his mother, then his wife, then his mother and his wife and his daughter and his mistress by editing a little local paper, writing children's stories, and acting as agent for trade magazines. Finally he writes a play and borrows enough money to get away to Europe. His career closely resembles that of Vance Weston in Mrs. Wharton's *Hudson River Bracketed*, and centres round three women, Evangeline, the wife of his newspaper-owner, affectionate, cosmopolitan, his original seducer and the one to understand that his talent is being swamped by his industry ; Blanchie, his neat, pretty, nagging, conventional, bossy, small-town wife, and Louise, her frank, generous, friendly nineteen-twentyish successor. The story is commonplace enough, but the character drawing and dialogue are excellent, and one gets that pleasant feeling that I have mentioned before as emanating from American books, that the author is intelligent, open-minded, contemporary—the kind of person one would like to know. The scene is laid on the Eastern Shore, the land of deep estuaries and old houses, the home of oysters and ancient cracky families through which passes the northern limit of lynching, and which is formed by the parts of Maryland, Delaware, and Virginia, lying between the Atlantic and the Chesapeake Bay. The book is much too long, as I have said, but nearly always interesting. I like particularly the difficulties of courtship in the gossip-loving town of Denmouth :

> " Take Blanchie Winters " (the Doctor is speaking) " I had her for worms and measles and whooping-cough and chicken-pox and running ear—now let me see—what else— "
>
> " How she must have suffered. No wonder she's so delicate," murmured Joshua.
>
> " Blanchie is strong as a colt. At least she was the last time I looked her over. Lungs, heart, kidneys, liver, all sound as a spring calf. Her bowels are a little tight, but that is because she won't exercise."

Fortune and Men's Eyes is another American book—also with the eight-and-sixpenny lack of sins of omission. It reveals a rather unfamiliar world, a well-educated socialist farming family in the corn belt. The hero tells his story to his psychiatrist, which I have always thought a good method for a novel as it is elastic and allows for many skippings and digressions, but all the same I am afraid this is a dull book ; perhaps the captions and the paper and print put me off, or perhaps the realistic ordinariness of the characters and their conversation ; or perhaps the general undigested quality of the whole thing—but I kept laying it down and going on with Santayana's *Last Puritan* (already reviewed in this paper). I think Professor Santayana is the worst kind of snob, the philosopher who loves emperors and Popes, the don who dislikes intelligent pupils, and his style I find far too cosy, but he takes a tragic theme and applies it to noble characters, and does not simply provide, like Mr. Cronyn, interminable close-ups of a bunch of picks.

Three of the Three Million is a translation from the German, a spirited story of three unemployed men who make their way from Germany to South America and back again, finding unemployment much the same everywhere, but the physical discomforts considerably worse in northern countries. The Berlin winter is harrowing, the Argentine interlude enchanting, but, since it deals with pre-Nazi Germany, as a social document it is out of date.

See How They Run is a sprightly tale of youthful wish-fulfilment. It combines:
adventure,

> You sometimes saw whale on herring drifters and when they shot up a great spout of water you shouted: "There she blows."

humour,

> "I had a pet trout in Ireland once," said Peter, "that used to jump every morning from the lower lake of Killarney into the Liffey by O'Connell Bridge and back again in the evening. One day he jumped so high on the return journey that he banged his head on the corner of a star over the County Limerick and got concussion, and he wouldn't jump any more after that."
>
> "What did you do with him then?"
>
> "Sold him to an American for a million dollars to go on the films," etc.

deep thought,

> "True Blue," said Peter. "You see the Conservatives are the only people since the war who have done anything on a big style without panic. That's the operative thing. Without panic. As well, they stand for private property and they seem to be the easiest party to work through, anyway."

but a wholesome horror of the highbrow,

> Peter sat in an armchair sucking an empty pipe, while Aunt Kathleen told him funny stories. . . . Cornelius Queek sat in a corner and read T. S. Eliot. The piles of votes began to mount up. Poor Cornelius Queek had hardly enough to cover the bottom of the bin . . . said Cornelius with a friendly grin . . . "Do you read Eliot?" "No."

and a command of dialect, both English,

> "Excuse me, surr, for interrupting—loike. But doan't you moind me. Oi've done a bit of courting moiself. Before oi go could you obloige me with a match."

and Irish,

> "Begob, d'ye remember the day you came leppin' up the steps on the black horse, Misther Conroy, and the Manager sez t'ye, 'Begob, Misther Conroy,' he sez, 'that's the last time ye'll ever see Thrinity College.'"

as complete as his command of style,

> The water he had drunk with dinner was cold and clear. He was utterly contented to be here. It was sanctuary. He was a man, home from the sea.

and of the big guns of human emotion,

> . . . and confusedly she knew that all over the world men and women in houses were smoking cigarettes and smiling and plotting infidelities to other men and women, the little, mortal, sterile people, scheming for money or power or gratification, and all the time water went on booming in the mountains and the stars were bright eternally, and Peter was coming back to her, back to her, she knew that he was coming back and that he would go on for always now with her, no matter what happened, marching into eternity through the child she was going to have, marching on into eternity.

So no wonder it has been chosen by the Book Society as the Book of the Month for January, and certified as such by that most certifiable body. CYRIL CONNOLLY

MEN AND SCOOPS

Inside Europe. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

The Tumult and the Shouting. By GEORGE SLOCOMBE. *Heinemann.* 15s.

Mr. John Gunther, now the London correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News*, is one of the brightest and most experienced of American newspaper correspondents in Europe. His book is, as it were, a political guide round Europe; but unlike reference books (though it can usefully serve that purpose, too) it is vivid and extremely readable from beginning to end, full of anecdotes, picturesque touches, epigrammatic definitions, and moments of profound insight. The practice of collecting political jokes (especially in the Fascist countries) for purposes of illustration is particularly useful. Gunther understands human nature; when he is interested in a human phenomenon like Hitler, he tries to get right into his mind. He frankly admits in his preface that what interests him most in Europe are the "big" men on whom (alas!) so much depends. Partly for this reason the book is inevitably uneven. The chapters on the "nuisance countries" are longer and more thorough than on the others; thus Germany gets three times the space of England. There is also some difference between his handling of the countries he knows intimately and those he knows less well. His chapter on Austria is particularly good, and his story of Dollfuss's death probably the most illuminating that has yet appeared in print. The chapter on Russia, on the other hand, is not much more than a rehash of Duranty, Fischer, and other experts, while the chapters on France are somewhat scrappy and contain a number of inaccuracies. It is excessive to say, for instance, that religion is a "first-rate issue" in present-day French politics; or that Blum "took the extreme pacifist line on the Abyssinian dispute," and that, "like Lansbury, he opposed sanctions at any cost." Actually Blum expressed much sympathy for Lansbury, but he, none the less, accepted officially, albeit grudgingly, the Labour Party's point of view. Further, neither Paul Boncour nor Chéron are Radicals, and nobody has ever supposed Herriot to be a Freemason; and are there really 102 dailies in Paris? The official story about Prince was not that he had committed suicide (which he undoubtedly did) but, on the contrary, that he had been murdered by a *mafia*, as Sarraut, Doumergue's Minister of the Interior and Chéron, the Minister for Justice, declared at the time. This legend of a Masonic *mafia* was exploited to the utmost by the reactionary press. I also feel that Gunther over-estimates Weygand as a potential Fascist leader—Weygand is far too old for the job—and, still more, Chiappe, "probably the most dangerous man in France." Chiappe, with his fishy acquaintances, is now discredited even in the eyes of the Croix de Feu. I believe, however, that Gunther's two main conclusions about France are eminently sound: one, that Fascism can come to France only at the risk of civil war; and the other, that the leadership of the Left is "a job looking for a man." However, the Right is in the same position. It is looking desperately for a leader, and can find no one—except Laval. Only will Laval choose to run?

Some of the profoundest and most brilliant writing is in the German chapters. Gunther knows his Hitler inside out. He even interviewed his distant relatives and examined his family history—and a good job he made of it:

> Hitler had an Oedipus complex as big as a house. Hitler père was truculent and overbearing and a lusty object; he died over a bottle of wine in a public-house, of a sudden stroke. He thought that Adolf was a weakling and a worthless idler and dreamer; he called him "moonstruck," and bullied and beat him. . . . Hitler loved his mother passionately.

Gunther inclines to the view that Adolf is a virgin.

And here is a piece of first-hand reporting about Hitler:

> In Spital, a country hamlet about an hour's journey from Leonding, I met several surviving members of the family, among them Hitler's aunt, Theresa Schmidt, a bouncing old woman, and her two sons, Edward and Anton. One of them is a hunchback with an impediment in his speech—a pitiable creature. They are miserably poor. He [Hitler] seems totally unaware of their existence.

How significant is also the following, and how different from those lying sloppy postcards sold all over Germany of Hitler's idyllic life at Berchtesgaden swarming with pretty children and animals whom the Führer loves:

> A man quite close to him told me once that in all the years of their association he had never called Hitler anything except "Herr Hitler" (or "Herr Reichskanzler" after the Leader reached power); and that Hitler had never called him by his first name or diminutive. *There is an inhumanity about the inner circle of the Nazi party that is scarcely credible.*

"Another source of Hitler's power," says Gunther in another illuminating passage, "is his impersonality. His vanity is extreme, but in an odd way it is not personal. He has no peacockery like Mussolini. . . . He is the vessel, the instrument of the will of the German people; or so he pretends."

These are a few specimens of the intense examination to which Gunther has subjected Hitler. With almost equal care he analyses some of the other German leaders—the more important the more thoroughly. What makes Göring so important is "not his bloodlust," but the association of this crack war pilot with the German air force. Goebbels is important because "good propaganda can make anything popular—even death." As regards the relation between the "two G's," Gunther explains, in his excellent account of June 30th, a point that was always a little obscure to me. Why did Goebbels follow Hitler about during those days? "Göring," says Gunther, "had been charged with the clean-up of Berlin. That was why Goebbels was with Hitler. Göring, running wild, might have killed Goebbels."

Göring's conduct in the circumstances receives an equally plausible explanation: "Göring waited till about 11 a.m. [the morning of Roehm's arrest] before cutting loose. The inference is that he wanted to see who came out on top, Hitler or Roehm."

Almost as well done is Gunther's analysis of Mussolini, that "compact gorilla"; and he rightly dismisses as eyewash the Italian Corporate State—"it is still," he says, "an embryo structure."

There is much good observation in Gunther's chapters on England. He draws a sympathetic character sketch of Baldwin, though I believe he rather over-estimates his personal prestige when he says: "The people [in the 1935 election] were not voting so much for the Tory Party or for the National Government *as for a man*. And for the thing that Baldwin said he stood for: peace." On the other hand, Gunther is superbly satirical about MacDonald:

> MacDonald, born without much sense of humour, a creature of angular and obstinate desires, with a highly oblique vision of his fellow men, full of Scotch mists and tempests, required, above all, adoration. And adoration was hardly the emotion he could inspire. . . . He became capable of profound ridiculousness.

But with Gunther's book I could go on indefinitely picking out plums.

George Slocombe's book of memoirs contains some interesting reminiscences of various international conferences, and of interviews with Gandhi, Sir Austen Chamberlain and other important people; but it is not as important a book as it might have been. I could not understand at first why it was "lacking something," and why even his most spectacular episodes struck me as unimportant. Then I discovered that Hitler and Gandhi and Chamberlain and the other heroes were, somehow, treated not so much with reference to their background, or to history, or even to their own personal selves, but with reference to Mr. Slocombe. They were not a gallery of human beings, but a gallery of "scoops." One gets no clear idea of Hitler from Slocombe's account; but what Slocombe emphasises is that he proclaimed as far back as 1931 that Hitler was dangerous; and that Hanfstaengl was so impressed by Slocombe's story that he dashed back to Germany to make friends with Hitler—thus, Slocombe laid the foundation of Putzi's Nazi career. Slocombe also claims credit for other (even greater) historical events. He, for instance, brought Snowden and Briand together at the Hague Conference, and on another occasion he was saucy to Mussolini.

A journalist's autobiography is a special art. Vincent Sheean has set the standard for it. Sheean had more exclusive "scoops" than almost any other journalist—yet all his heroes are intensely alive. Who can forget his Abd El Krim, his Mme. Sun Yat Sen, or his Poincaré—that 20-line Poincaré, clear-cut like a Daumier drawing?

There were no illustrations in Sheean's book. In Slocombe's book we have four pictures of Slocombe—one as a bust, one surveying the Russian crown jewels; and two more in the company of celebrities. There is also a facsimile of a testimonial from Mr. Snowden.

ALEXANDER WERTH

FAMOUS TRIALS

Trial of Alma Victoria Rattenbury and George Percy Stoner. Edited by F. TENNYSON JESSE. Notable British Trials Series. *Hodge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Landru, the French Bluebeard. By H. RUSSELL WAKEFIELD. *Duckworth.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Besides supplying a lucid introduction to one of the most interesting criminal cases of the last twenty years, Miss Tennyson Jesse's foreword to the *Trial of Rattenbury and Stoner*, in the Notable British Trials Series, contains some penetrating comments on the British point of view towards questions of sexual irregularity, as they are apt to emerge when the mechanism of justice gets to work. Miss Tennyson Jesse begins by paying a tribute to the scrupulous fairness with which the case was tried and to the clarity and impartiality that characterised the learned Judge's summing-up. Stoner was condemned; his mistress acquitted. Yet, "even at the end of the trial, so rigid is the English fashion of thinking—or rather feeling, for it is not as careful and accurate a process as thought—on sexual matters, that many people still considered Mrs. Rattenbury morally damned." In the minds of a large section of the public there still existed the idea that, since Mrs. Rattenbury was much older than her lover, she must have dominated him, thus in some way precipitating the crime for which Stoner was condemned to death. "It was this same assumption (proceeds Miss Tennyson Jesse) which hanged Mrs. Thompson. . . . The actual truth is that there is no woman so under the dominion of her lover as the elderly mistress of a much younger man." And she goes on to quote a letter from Benjamin Franklin to a young disciple, in which the philosopher first advises his young friend to marry, then adds that, if he cannot make up his mind to legitimate marriage, he should prefer middle-aged women as the objects of desultory affection, giving, as his eighth and last reason, the fact that "they are so grateful."

On this and analogous questions, the Anglo-Saxon point of view has seldom been revealed more oddly than in the cross-examination of Dr. Gillespie, physician for psycho-medicine at Guy's Hospital and a witness for the defence, by Mr. Croom-Johnson for the prosecution. Asked whether "regular sexual intercourse with a member of the opposite sex by a boy of eighteen or onwards would be likely to do him good or harm," Dr. Gillespie responded that it would not do him good "if a moral point of view were meant." Mr. Croom-Johnson observed that he was not taking a moral point of view. . . .

> Still Dr. Gillespie wisely refused to commit himself. "Do you think it would be likely to be good for his constitution—a boy of eighteen—just think what you are saying, Doctor?" "I am not saying that it is good for his constitution, but I am saying that if it were occurring with such frequency as my lord has said, namely, such as nature would permit, it would not necessarily show the effects in his external appearance." "Take the ordinary case—the ordinary boy, not somebody very strong, talking about the ordinary English youth of eighteen—do you really find yourself in any difficulty in answering the question?" "I find difficulty," replied the Doctor, "in answering the question as I believe you expect it to be answered." Doctors, as a rule, make excellent witnesses, and in this little cross-examination, Dr. Gillespie was no exception to the rule, but with what frank Homeric laughter the question would have been greeted in a Latin country!

Such passages were typical of the phraseology both of defence and of prosecution throughout the entire trial. No voice was raised to suggest that, even in England—nay more, even in Bournemouth—a young man of eighteen might desire, quite naturally and legitimately, to take a mistress and that an emotional and passionate woman of thirty-eight, who had been neglected

A B C

The miners are moving into action again. Quiet since 1926, relatively quiet, so that the prosperous class was not disturbed, the storm warnings are now out. Nobody can be indifferent. Anthony Eden's quotation from Bacon that only God and the angels can be spectators applies now to all of us in regard to the mining industry; and, to be honest, the writer, like many another NEW STATESMAN reader, feels the kick in the air as the basic battalions of the Labour movement take up their position.

But the mining industry is complicated. The plain issue that the miners want two shillings a shift more is met with the query in people's minds can the money be found. It is time that the story of what British capitalism has done to the coal industry was told.

"The coal industry, owing to its disorganised state, had been shamefully exploited in the past," said the Chairman of the National Coal Convention recently. The values created in coal are transferred to other enterprises and the miners cut off from sharing them by the operation of the wages ascertainment machinery.

The big trusts which have grown up, often with the help of the banks, mark up low prices for coal, transferred to other branches of the same concern. The monopoly companies are able to control prices in whole coalfields. The future of the coal industry is more closely bound up with the emergence of new forms of power.

The miners, who are producing at the rate of nearly a fifth harder now than in 1920, for abominable wages, are determined not to be cut out of the benefits obtained now—and to be obtained by the big iron and steel, electrical, gas chemical and petrol combines in an ever greater degree in the future.

The whole position is reviewed and the facts given in *The Miners' Two Bob* (2*s.* 6*d.*) by W. H. Williams and others of the Labour Research Department. R. Page Arnot gives a historical account of the growth and fights of the Mineworkers' Federation.

The gap between the lives of the average NEW STATESMAN reader and that of the miners goes a long way to make the sense of solidarity and interest a dead, artificial, condescending feeling. To bridge this we suggest you read a new piece of *reportage* (word explained in *The Eye*, December, p. 3), by Montagu Slater. He has taken the Nine Mile Point episode and made stick-in-the-guts NEWS of it. *Stay Down Miner* (2*s.* 6*d.*). Your bookseller will supply.

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by a kindly but apathetic husband for several years, might need the attentions of a lover. The unfortunate Mr. Rattenbury—whether as Mr. Justice Humphreys remarked he was "that very unpleasant character for which, I think, we have no suitable expression, but which the French call a *mari complaisant*," or whether, as Miss Tennyson Jesse likes to believe, he was "completely incurious," a worried, unhappy man who "drank the best part of a bottle of whisky" every night and thereafter knew and cared little what went on over his head—raised no objection to their intercourse. The tragedy occurred, not because Mrs. Rattenbury acquired a paramour, but because Stoner, excited and distracted by his elevation, began to behave in a dramatic and erratic manner for which he may very possibly have been prepared by his acquaintanceship with modern American films. He announced that he was taking drugs—when, in fact, he knew so little of drugs that he described cocaine as a brown powder with black specks in it; staged scenes of violent and unreasonable jealousy; finally, procured a wooden mallet, approached Mr. Rattenbury from behind and battered in his skull as he sat dozing and quiescent after dinner.

From Miss Tennyson Jesse's analysis of her temperament, Mrs. Rattenbury emerges as a vulgar, but good-natured and good-hearted woman, who adored her children, was fond of her husband and won the lasting devotion of the companion-help, Miss Irene Riggs. She did her best to shield Stoner, when the crime had occurred. "Indeed (writes Miss Tennyson Jesse) one of the most interesting points in this case is, that it is the only one, as far as I am aware, where two people have been charged together on the capital indictment when neither of the accused has abandoned the other in a scramble for safety." Drunk, drugged, desperate, Mrs. Rattenbury invented a wild story that she herself had been responsible for the crime; and it was not till much later, under very strong inducements, that she was persuaded to tell the truth. No, if the terms "good" and "bad" are to be employed, Mrs. Rattenbury was not an entirely bad woman. The trial was:

> admirable, and in the best traditions of English law. Unfortunately, there is a custom in the Courts that is not nearly so admirable, to animadvert upon the moral qualities, or lack of them, in a person accused of a crime. . . . Mrs. Rattenbury, at the time that the learned Judge was making his remarks about her moral character, was a woman at the extreme edge of what it is possible to bear and go on living. But she had to listen to the dread voice of the Judge, as he said: "Members of the jury, having heard her learned counsel, having regard to the facts of this case, it may be that you will say that you cannot possibly feel any sympathy for that woman; you cannot have any feeling except disgust for her." More could hardly be said of George Joseph Smith, or of a systematic poisoner, or a baby-farmer.

Mrs. Rattenbury, pursued by eager journalists, retired to a nursing-home. Soon afterwards, she left the nursing-home, bought a knife and committed suicide by driving the knife six times into her breast.

Stoner's was obviously a crime of passion. And it seems extraordinary that the same punishment should still be reserved for those who commit murder under the influence of some confused and wrongheaded emotion and for the perverted few who make murder a methodical business. Landru, whose story has been re-told in a somewhat vulgar and diffuse little book by Mr. Russell Wakefield, murdered for profit—killed coldly, methodically, deliberately, for the sake of the small savings, the scraps of furniture and odds and ends of clothing, that he could collect from the victims whom he had picked up through the pages of a French matrimonial paper. Middle-aged derelicts could not resist him. Like so many French *petits bourgeois*, Landru had his poetic and romantic strain—he wrote moving love-letters, professed exaggerated and touching sentiments, hummed snatches from Massenet, generally was the perfect seducer of legend. But, all the while, he kept a little black notebook in which he jotted down the debits and credits of his various adventures; and when he accompanied a prospective victim to church he was careful to record that he had put two *sous* into the offertory box, followed by a detailed account of their train-fares. Landru is particularly interesting because his case illustrates both the cleverness of the professional murderer and the curious limitations of the murderer's intelligence. Landru must have taken immense pains to ensure that his victims should vanish without leaving behind them the smallest trace. Physically, that is to say. . . . How Landru dealt with the corpses of the eleven women he is believed to have killed, we can only guess. Yet he was foolish enough to preserve their clothes, trinkets, furniture and papers of identification. Some *bourgeois* scruple compelled him to note down in his little book that, whereas he took a single ticket for these unhappy ladies, when he escorted them to his country villa, he took a return ticket for himself—to record in the squalid pages of that sinister volume what is conjectured to have been the precise hour at which he put them to death, by the simple expedient of strangling them with a noose of waxed string as they lay asleep.

PETER QUENNELL

DARK AGES?

The Birth of the Middle Ages, 395-814. By H. ST. L. B. MOSS. *Oxford University Press.* *12s. 6d.*

One of the most unfortunate products of a classical education, combined with an egocentrically occidental outlook, has been the phrase "the Dark Ages," habitually used in English books for the fifth to the tenth centuries of the Christian era. All that the opprobrious adjective means is that a few barbarian tribes were settling down in the Western part of the area once occupied by the Roman Empire, while, in the parts of that Empire which lay to the South and East of the Mediterranean, two magnificent cultures, those of Byzantium and Islam, reached their height, and beyond them, in the oriental world of India and China, a golden age of civilisation reigned. The textbook writers who still use the phrase would plead in their own justification that its application is not intended to cover more than the history of the West; but since the darkness exists only by virtue of its contrast with the effulgence of a preceding Graeco-Roman culture, it is in the highest degree illogical to concentrate attention on the fate of Italy and the western provinces. Why ignore those parts of the Empire where Byzantium and Islam maintained, developed and disseminated the same culture, enriched in varying degrees by its marriage with eastern elements, much as it was in the long run to be enriched in the Western world by its marriage with northern elements? Even in the West the darkness of these centuries is only the darkness of the womb, in which the stirrings of a new civilisation to be born in the Middle Ages are plain enough. But that might be conceded by many writers who still maintain an unreasonable refusal to regard the Byzantine and Islamic worlds, deriving from the same origins as the old West and at every point influencing the new, as forming any part of the Western picture.

Fortunately there are signs of a change of heart. A few years ago it was impossible to find for students, and still more for the general reader, any account of the Western world during this period which was more than a dreary record of political events. Mr. Christopher Dawson's *The Making of Europe*, and now Mr. Moss's book, have altered the situation; for now within a manageable compass we have two accounts of the early middle ages which are essentially well balanced, in that they devote due attention to Byzantium and Islam and are more interested in culture than in military and political affairs. Of the two books Mr. Moss's is, in the reviewer's opinion, the better. It is indeed an admirable piece of work based on sound scholarship and very notably well written.

The best section of the book is perhaps that on Byzantium, which owes something, in its handling, to the vivid evocation of an atmosphere to which Professor Baynes has accustomed us in dealing with this strange world. The opening picture of Constantinople is admirable, as is the passage on the importance of religion in Byzantine life ("Our topic of conversation is the weather; theirs was theology. Our internal crises are social and economic; theirs were doctrinal"), the whole treatment of Justinian, and the last paragraph on Byzantium as a beleagured city, the suppressed excitement of a state of siege pervading the outlook of its inhabitants:

> Constantinople is a bastion thrust out into Asia, exposed to the surging of the barbaric hordes issuing from the great steppes or the Arabian desert. Like some pinnacled city in a medieval miniature, Tsarigrad of the Slavs, Micklegarth of the Northmen, it lies bathed in the sunshine of Western dreams. But from the Eastern aspect it glows with a more baleful light. Under a stormy sky the domes glitter, the walls are tipped with spears; before the ramparts stand the long rows of Avar tents, and bands of Arab horsemen scour the desolate plains. The relentless ring of barbarians edges closer, burning to ravish "the city of the world's desire."

Although his treatment of political events is judicious and workmanlike, it is the texture of life, and above all the changes in intellectual outlook and the evolution of art, which have chiefly interested Mr. Moss. On these aspects of culture, in the narrower sense, he has some admirable things to say; for instance, on the overwhelming influence of Rhetoric in the literature of the late

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Roman Empire, on the spread of Byzantine art, on the eclecticism of the art of Islam, on Justinian's *Digest*, and above all on the art, poetry and speech of the age of transition at the end of his period, when symbolism and allegory reign supreme and "the sense of the word retreats into fantasy." In his treatment of these subjects Mr. Moss shows a delicate sensibility and critical ability, as well as wide reading.

Where everything else is admirable it seems ungrateful to end on a note of protest. But there is a passage where Mr. Moss, speaking of the defeat of Attila and his Huns in 451, shows what happens to even the best of writers when he employs ready-made conceptions and stops thinking. Europe, he says, was saved "here, as in other struggles with the nomad culture, from sharing the fate of Asia, which remains sunk in barbarism to this day," and he quotes with approval Peisker's dictum that if the nomads had been able to maintain themselves in Europe "the entire Old World would have been barbarised, and at the head of civilisation would be stagnant China." A conclusive example of the barbarism in which Asia remained sunk in the centuries following 451 is now horrifying the eyes of all beholders at Burlington House, doubtless placed there as an awful warning. It may perhaps be suggested that the word "stagnant" as applied to China stands as much in need of examination as the word "dark" applied to Europe. There are, of course, travellers who believe that the delights of travel are in direct proportion to its speed, but the time has surely come to stop applying these motor-bike standards to the progress of civilisation. EILEEN POWER

PERIPLUS

The Mediterranean. An Anthology. By PAUL BLOOMFIELD. Illustrated by EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

To the fastidious, Mediterranean cruises such as are now so popular may sound unattractive. If you visit Segesta or Delphi with a couple of hundred miscellaneous fellow-passengers the poetry of these solitary sites must, you feel, be demolished. You are further repelled by the prospect of a forced neighbourliness on board, exemplified in almost compulsory deck-games and fancy-dress dances. Where travel is concerned I am as good a snob as any man, and I have in fact, when staying in some romantic little port, in Majorca, say, or Dalmatia, felt affronted by a locust invasion from a shipful of noisy compatriots. But last summer I went on a cruise to Greece, and during the surly rains of this English winter, I look back with longing, almost with incredulity, to day after halcyon day of almost unchequered enjoyment. It was a cruise, I should explain, frequented by dons and clergymen rather than by stockbrokers or Americans; though there were a number of schoolmasters on board, there were no organised games; and altogether one could not have wished for pleasanter or less aggressive fellow-travellers than those upon the ship. On shore they could with a little skill be entirely avoided by ungregarious sightseers like myself, for swarming round a lecturer they moved in one direction, while one walked sharply oneself the opposite way. (Luckily most sightseers are not ungregarious, or evidently this technique would be impracticable.) The material advantages of cruising are obvious—no bills or tipping or packing or showing of passports except at the beginning and end of the voyage; and in less than three weeks one visits places as inaccessible as Athos and Delos, as remote from one another as Spalato and Salonica. A foreground of olives and vines, bare mountains against the sky, their fawn flanks enriched with purple shadows as the sun too quickly sinks, a warm-hearted and embracing sea (how different from the frigid English waters which so quickly and resentfully chill the ardour from one's limbs), the music of columns spaced and regular, historic names which suddenly become actual, Olympus and Helicon and the Leucadian cliff, the vivid outrush from the rocks of the Castalian spring, Corinthian capitals at Corinth. If there were no other argument for a classical education, it should be endured because it prepares the mind and heart for recognising this loveliest of landscapes. It is a landscape which the Southward-bound Englishman first sees near Valence, and with slight changes in local accent it stretches from Granada and Tetuan to the Bosphorus and Judaea. It is the background painted in Isaiah and Aristophanes, Virgil and Dante. It is an eclogue, and it is Arcadia.

Mr. Bloomfield's delightful anthology is calculated to excite nostalgia for the coasts and islands which it describes. Not, of course, that this is a good time of year to spend on the Mediterranean: it is probably raining to-day in Nice, Beyrout, Venice and Algiers: the annual rainfall in Palermo is half as great again as in London. Indeed the only places in Europe with a decent winter climate are those more than five thousand feet above the sea. I think that one of the oddest things about our enigmatic grandparents was their habit of wintering on the Riviera and hastening away in April, just the season when it is about to become pleasant there. Can this be one reason why there is so surprisingly little English poetry about the Mediterranean? "Rain at Reggio, rain at Parma; At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain," Tennyson writes in *The Daisy*, a poem just long enough to show the nourishment which that microscopic eye, that genius for epithet, might have found in an intimacy with the South. In fact he did visit Italy in the summer, twice; but he found rain on one occasion, and cholera on the other, and his favourite foreign country remained Switzerland. Wordsworth also saw Italy in summer, but he appears to have been inspired only by those Italian landscapes in which he might hope to detect a chamois. The olives and vines and coasts did not interest his imagination. Of course there is Byron, and Mr. Bloomfield gives his gay *Farewell to Malta*; there is Shelley, and Mr. Bloomfield gives his sonnet on the Nile—but nothing from *The Euganean Hills*, or *Count Maddalo*, or the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, and not even the lovely passage from *Epipsychidion* beginning "A ship is floating in the harbour now." And it is true that Shelley is too aerial to take much stock of the calm earthly nourishments of the Mediterranean scene. Rogers' *Italy* is perhaps not worth quoting from, but Mr. Bloomfield should not have forgotten Clough's *Dipsychus*, even if he preferred to forget the hexametrical *Amours de Voyage*.

The one English poet who showed a passionate apprehension of the Southern landscape was Browning. He is very ill thought of, I know, by my friends who teach English literature at Cambridge. Admirers of William Morris find him too pedestrian, I suppose, and admirers of Eliot, too colloquial. But if one loves Italy, how can one not love Browning? His understanding of Italian art (far more profound than Ruskin's), his intimacy with the Italian people, his intoxication with the Italian landscape and townscape, make him the poet to whom I return again and again in this English winter, which is doubly clouded for lovers of Italy. I read

> . . . such foam-bows flash
> On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance
> and paddle and pash
> Round the lady atop in the conch . . .

And I see fountains in Palermo, in Padua, and, scores of them each singing a different tune, in Rome. Or I read

> The single little turret that remains
> On the plains,
> By the caper over-rooted, by the gourd,
> Overscored. . . .

and the queer jingle brings with it not only the Campagna, before it was turned into a second Peacehaven, but Fréjus, and Andalusian Italica, and everywhere that one sees the slow secular invasion of the vegetable kingdom upon the monuments of dead men's pride or superstition—the temple on top of the hill at Aegina; Olympia with its supine columns and Poussin trees; the colossal baroque ruins of Balbek, rising above a lake of trees frothing with blossom, the Lebanon and Anti-Libanus on either side, mighty walls of nature, sifted over with snow. And *Fra Lippo Lippi*, and *In a Gondola*, and *Waring*, and *My Last Duchess*, and *De Gustibus* and *The Englishman in Italy*—why, you could make a Mediterranean anthology from Browning alone, and Mr. Bloomfield does not give us a line.

But if his collection is deficient in verse it is packed with lively prose, from Leigh Hunt's autobiography, from Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu, from *Eothen*, from Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant*, from Lady Blessington, from Disraeli's *Home Letters*, from Herodotus, from Norman Douglas, and from two travellers I am very glad to meet, William Lithgow and Joseph Wolff. Lithgow visited Italy, Greece, Constantinople, Aleppo, Jerusalem and Cairo in the first half of the seventeenth century, and was tortured by the Inquisition in Spain. Wolff was a Jew, born in Bavaria in 1795, who became a Catholic, then an Anglican, married a niece of Horace Walpole, begot Henry Drummond Wolff (the friend of Randolph Churchill and founder of the Primrose League), and travelled to Egypt, Palestine, Georgia, Persia, Afghanistan. He believed that the arrival of the Messiah was due in 1847, and some of his travelling was in search of the Lost Tribes. Moreover, Mr. Bloomfield's book is illustrated with particularly charming drawings by Mr. Edward Ardizzone, whom I believe to be about the best illustrator working in this country. This, then, is a book to keep by your bed, which conducts you on a

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The Year's Poetry. Compiled by GERALD GOULD, JOHN LEHMANN, DENYS KILHAM ROBERTS. *Lane.* 6s.

The Best Poems of 1935. Selected by THOMAS MOULT. *Cape.* 6s.

For years Mr. Thomas Moult had the field to himself, and the fifteenth appearance of his collection will probably reach a comparatively wide public. It carries on the tradition of the Georgian anthologies with fair success, but with the time-lapse which that implies. The familiar names appear over familiar styles—and that is often to the good; where we are disappointed is in the work of lesser-known writers. Outside the pages of Mr. Moult's anthology one never seems to meet Teresa Hooley, Lizette Wordworth Rose, Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Richard Leon Spain (delightful names !), and after encountering them here one can understand why. Still, it is a useful work, covering American as well as English magazines, and for readers who can stand a high percentage of the worthy second-rate it may be recommended. There are good poems by Edwin Muir, Roy Campbell, Siegfried Sassoon, A. V. Stuart, Day Lewis, Richard Church and Michael Roberts.

But from any point of view—Red or diehard—*The Year's Poetry*, 1935, is infinitely better. It makes some of Mr. Moult's " best poems " look silly. The book is arranged according to the ages of contributors, with Yeats, Binyon, W. H. Davies and Herbert Palmer at one end, David Gascoyne, Dylan Thomas, George Barker at the other; and few poets of importance are left out in between. There is perhaps nothing in the present volume to equal Mr. Yeats's " Death,"

> Nor hope nor dread attend
> A dying animal. . . .

which appeared in *The Year's Poetry*, 1934, compiled by the same editors; otherwise, they have emphatically done it again. For most of their choices I have nothing but praise. It is a pleasure, for example, to find a long poem by F. R. Higgins—with an odd liveliness of measure as well as theme—for most of his work nowadays is allowed to trickle out in broadsheets which are rarely seen in England.

> " From these dew-lapped fields," said the Meath man,
> " Tramps dose at their drink and the shiny air
> Is too drunk to stir," or so his words ran
> As we walked, half-hidden, through where the reeds stand
> Between the Boyne and its green canal;
> And sweltering I kept to the pace he planned,
> Yet he wouldn't even wait in the reeds
> To watch a red perch, like a Japanese hand,
> Grope in the sun-shot water and weeds—
> He merely called back: " O, go be damned ! " . . .

Mr. Higgins is, I believe, one of the very few living poets who can write with a definite tune in their heads; combined with a sense of the musical value of words, it is a very rare gift indeed. Though " The Boyne Walk," from which the above lines are quoted, is not quite his best, I enjoyed its naturalness and individuality. Other poems to which I would draw attention are: W. J. Turner's " The Ballet Dancers," the two poems by Andrew Young, Edwin Muir's " The Harvest," Dylan Thomas's " Poem in October." Edwin Muir:

> Walking on the harvest hills of night
> Time's elder brother, the great husbandman,
> Goes on his round. His massive lantern,
> Simpler than the first fashion, lights the rows
> Of stooks that lean like little golden graves
> Or tufted barges foundering low
> In the black stream.

Dylan Thomas:

> Especially when the October wind
> With frosty fingers punishes my hair,
> Caught by the crabbing sun I walk on fire
> And cast a shadow crab upon the land,
> By the sea's side, hearing the noise of birds,
> Hearing the raven cough in winter sticks,
> My busy heart who shudders as she talks
> Sheds the syllabic blood and drains her words.

Thomas is a remarkable young poet, difficult but exciting to read; his *Seventeen Poems* (Parton Bookshop), the only book he has yet published, express a volcanic adolescence in confused but brilliant imagery. I do not recommend him to the sedate.

The second (and younger) half of *The Year's Poetry*, 1935, is largely devoted to the work of the New Country school. This bias is the only argument that could be brought against the editors' claim of having made a " representative selection "; but it is difficult, on the grounds of merit, to see how it could have been avoided. Personally I should have preferred to do without some of the poems by A. S. J. Tessimond, Hugh Gordon Porteus, and R. E. Warner, to make room, say, for Norman Cameron's " Naked Among the Trees " (certainly one of the best poems of the year) and " Comical Men " or " The Winter House." The Audens are two choruses from *Dog Beneath the Skin*, a shorter piece in his " penny-whistle " style, and a lyric which starts:

> May with its light behaving
> Stirs vessel, eye, and limb;
> The singular and sad
> Are willing to recover,
> And to the swan-delighting river
> The careless picnics come,
> The living white and red.

Day Lewis is slightly disappointing, Spender stationary but recovered at least from his *Vienna* episode, Louis MacNiece surprisingly attractive at moments. In reviewing this book I have necessarily missed out a great deal; other readers may possibly find it exciting for quite different reasons. It is unique as the anthology which, year by year, can give a really adequate idea of the poetry that is being written in our time.

G. W. STONIER

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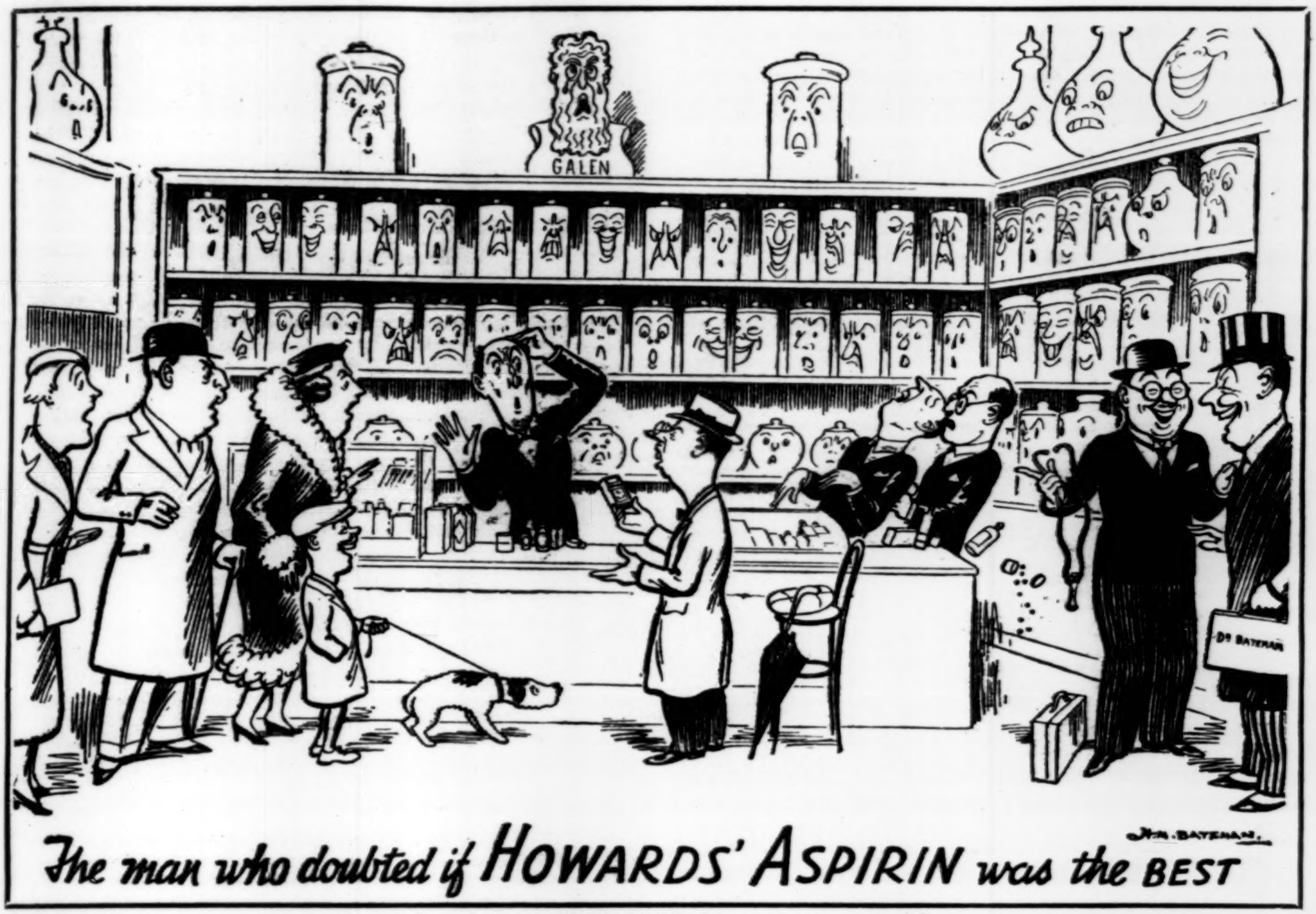
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Baron Hauptmann for Napoleon III." Mrs. Hwfa Williams' book is eminently unscandalous, and there are no references to adultery, but the other favourite pastimes of the Edwardian *monde*, race-meetings, costume-balls and practical jokes, are most patiently described. "What fun it was" is her refrain, and one is glad that she enjoyed it all so much for she is obviously a most amiable and high-spirited lady. But the historian will reflect that in taste and what is so unattractively called "culture," Edwardian society touched rock-bottom. The photographic illustrations are fascinating.

Castilian Ochre. By RICHARD and PHYLLIS PEARSALL. *Murray.* 10s. 6*d.*

This book can be placed about half-way up the "play boy" class of travel books. Simple enough experiences during a rail travel sketching tour are recounted by Mrs. Pearsall with humour and vivacity. Much of the flavour is obtained by more or less literal translation of the Spanish idiom. "El jefe come" can be translated "the chief eats," but in the context more accurately and less piquantly "the chief is eating." The authors were fortunate, too, in meeting one or two absolutely first-class specimens of the Travel Book Character. The amusing Civil Guard at Valladolid is almost too good to be true. Mrs. Pearsall has great skill and not a little charm in the telling of a tale. She is also an extraordinary good dancer and one enjoys that account of her dancing of the Jota (in Plasencia), but she should have stayed at the inn of Manuel el Castellano outside the walls. The Eloy is fair as a *fonda*, but that inn would have given her some grand material. The strongest impression the book gives is of two people whom one would like to know.

About Motoring

REDUCED CASUALTIES IN 1935

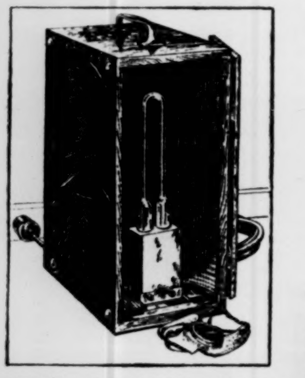
ANY medical man who had averted 800 deaths in a single year, and in addition had delivered 12,500 persons from illness by efficient prophylactic measures would be a very proud man and an invaluable citizen. This feat has been achieved by Mr. Hore-Belisha. Indeed, he has accomplished far more than that, for our uniform experience prior to 1935 threatened a substantial increase in road deaths and road injuries. He has succeeded in stopping the rot, as cricketers would put it; and when he commenced his safeguarding campaign few people, and probably least of all himself, expected any such rapid or measurable results. His very heartening triumph should encourage him to persevere in the hope of still greater successes. He himself is under no illusions as to the magnitude of his task; in a recent broadcast he suggested that perhaps 2,500,000 persons were listening to him, and that out of this vast unseen audience one person in ten would be hurt or killed on the roads during 1936, a sufficiently horrible prospect. Neither does he under-estimate the human obstacles in his path, for whenever he speaks to a gathering of motorists he can clearly sense an atmosphere in which hostility is at least as strongly marked as sympathy; and the motoring journals and associations are perpetually discussing measures for protecting the rights and liberties of road users.

Nevertheless, it must be conceded that so far life and limb have been protected in some degree without any really serious diminution either of motoring liberties or of motoring pleasure. Night driving is an arduous business nowadays; and daylight travel on our roads has lost a great deal of its ancient enjoyment at week-ends and during the finer months. But in neither instance is the law to blame; night driving is impaired by problems of vision, and daylight travel by sheer congestion. The worst indictment which any motorist can bring against Mr. Hore-Belisha is that he has slowed us down a little in many built-up areas, and that he is responsible for a slight increase in the external control of drivers, as by special road signs, pedestrian crossings, and the like. Only prejudice can aver that these inconveniences produce any serious diminution of road pleasures. It is certainly true that a driver must swivel his eyes like a blackbird taking a bath in a cat-infested garden, for there is no uniformity in road signs, and it is often easy to miss signs, and incur a penalty; but it is a simpler matter to peer here and there for signs than to interpret the intentions of stupid pedestrians. The pedestrian crossings are admittedly a source of friction, for the truth is that they are nowhere regarded very seriously, yet the police may at any moment pounce on some unfortunate driver for a breach of the regulations which theoretically control such crossings. But the irritation of motorists with Mr. Hore-Belisha is largely what psychologists might term a "projection." They are in reality irritated by various products of congestion; and as they cannot reasonably denounce the heavy traffic which converts a journey into hard labour, they identify the Minister as their whipping boy. The safety measures and controls instituted during 1935 have in actual fact inflicted no serious deceleration upon traffic, and have made but the slightest addition to the burdens of piloting a car.

It is unfortunate that not even the experts can identify the true causes of this notable and promising decrease in casualties. Mr. Hore-Belisha, if we examine his speeches and writings, ascribes most of his success to pedestrian crossings and the 30-m.p.h. speed limit. It is difficult for any Londoner to attach very serious value to the pedestrian crossings, for unless a constable is adjacent, it is by no means safe to assume that motor traffic will respect any such crossing. The speed limit is probably far more effective than its critics admit. I personally have always adopted a low speed in traffic areas, coupled with high speed in open places, so that the new limits have not affected my own driving by an iota. But I notice that whenever I am a passenger my driver chafes in the built-up areas, and pending the production of an authoritative and convincing analysis, I am prepared to believe that the speed limits may have averted a host of accidents. There has not been an enormous increase in the number of robot lights. They are expensive, but I venture the opinion that a great extension of such installations would prove very effective. Many towns of 25,000 or more inhabitants include a dozen danger points, but boast only a single set of robots. The Highway Code has been distributed gratis to every householder, but the records of driving tests prove that many motorists can only claim a superficial acquaintance with the Code, and a greater ignorance probably survives amongst pedestrians, cyclists and road users. As cycle traffic is increasing at a faster rate than any other form of traffic, the Minister might well pay concentrated attention to cyclists during 1936. He would certainly modify much motoring prejudice if he did so; it has even been suggested that a cycling novice should carry an "L" plate for his first three months on the road; every veteran motorist can tell a hundred tales of emergencies created by some blunder on the part of a cyclist. Some weight should probably be attached to the indirect value of the driving tests. They have at least insured for every embryo motorist a proper course of driving lessons; but there is no evidence that a substantial percentage of accidents were due to the inexperience of beginners before such tests were imposed.

The average sensible motorist is inclined to think that Mr. Hore-Belisha's 1935 achievement is mainly due to two factors. First, he has emphatically succeeded in making the nation "accident-conscious," so that all road users set forth in a spirit of caution. Secondly, he has exploited the motive of self-interest, by confronting motorists with the dread of serious penalties, ranging from formidable fines to the deprivation of the driving licence, and even of imprisonment. If this verdict is in the least accurate, 1936 may prove somewhat discouraging. The decrease in casualties during 1935 amounted to about 10 per cent. in deaths, and 5 per cent. in injuries, without allowance for the normal rate of increase. These results were obtained by great activity and heavy expenditure. It may be difficult to deepen the sense of moral responsibility at all appreciably. The element of personal fear can unquestionably be intensified by ferocious threats; but any added stringency in penalties might destroy the present atmosphere of co-operation. The Minister's true calibre as a statesman will be tested to the uttermost during 1936.

R. E. DAVIDSON



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The Manager,
THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION,
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Week-end Competitions

No. 305

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of not more than thirty-two lines, written during an Air Raid, the first few verses ending with the words:

We certainly exaggerate
The Sanctity of Human Life,

and the last verse, during which it may be imagined that the bombs fall nearer, ending slightly differently.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, January 24th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 303

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an epitaph, in prose (not more than 250 words) or verse (not more than 24 lines), on a dog by a dog-hater, who for social or other reasons, does not wish to reveal his hatred. It should be written so as to appeal to all dog-haters and so that it would pass in the In Memoriam columns of the *Morning Post*. Special marks for good biographical details.

Report by G. W. Stonier

Nearly fifty dog-haters have seized the opportunity of making themselves heard. They can be divided into those who have had dogs of their own, and those who have had them as neighbours. The complaints of the first are mainly about domestic habits, odours, parlour tricks, teeth marks on the Chippendale, hairs on the cushions, the sudden thrusting of a wet muzzle into one's face, the ritual walk after dinner. There is a particularly appealing lament from a butler who had to attend on a Pekingese. The neighbours are concerned with bitten calves, uprooted flower-beds and midnight howls. Altogether, a formidable indictment, with which every cat will instantly agree. The hatred seems to extend impartially to all breeds of dog from the aristocratic Peke to the sporty terrier, and to all temperaments—jaunty, benign, picturesque, choleric, whimsical. We are shown the patriotic dog which "dies for the King" after dinner; the amorous dog, a new Endymion, baying at the moon. I myself remember a fat retriever who called every evening for a pint of bitter at a Drury Lane public-house. In the morning he would visit the police-station in Bow Street; from which it was quite possible to deduce the character of his late master. Too many contributors turned their rage on a generalised dog, whereas I had particularly asked for personal details; and their elegant or caustic verses (these contributors preferred verse) lacked sharpness. Others, again, were carried away into denunciation or obvious sarcasm; and for that reason ruled out. One of the conditions was that malice should be concealed.

But how difficult it is to compete with the real thing! I quote from a letter in the *Times* of January 13th:

> At the beginning of the century my husband and I had a collie that was very musical. She had a great love for Wagner, and would come into the room and lie near the piano when my husband played. It was a time when Wagner operas were in vogue, and we had borrowed the scores of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*. Later when the scores were sent back and my husband played from memory, with somewhat simplified harmonies, Nesta would not stay in the room.
>
> When she developed a love for singing herself we found it rather inconvenient if we had musical friends, so she was given two special songs of her own, with the understanding that she did not join in with others. They were Gounod's "Veiled Picture" and Halfdan Kjerulf's "Last Night the Nightingale Woke Me." She sang these with an expression of rapture and seemed to be trying to follow the key. When she was greatly moved she laid her head sideways on the floor, standing. In her second year she had a litter of pups. We were out when the family arrived, and she rushed in on our return to announce the joyful tidings. After her usual boisterous welcome she laid her head down on the floor and gave forth a paean of praise and thanksgiving. It was the first time she had ever volunteered to sing without accompaniment.

None of the entries came up to that. I liked best, after the winners, Robert Gaffikin, Redling, and Gerald Summers. The first prize goes to Mrs. J. Blunden, the second to Mr. H. D. Barnes.

FIRST PRIZE

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY
of
THE DEATH OF WOLF
OUR DEAREST ALSATIAN

He was swifter than three sheep, five ducks and ten hens, fiercer than nine cats, and braver than many postmen. The best place by the fire was always his. No white teeth were sharper than his, no bark louder, no muddied paws more efficient in testing the quality of our clothes. Too loyal to allow enemies to enter our gates, he set his standard of friendship high; none attained it.

Misunderstood by the police, he met his end bravely defending his kennel against a three-year-old child, who carried away a lasting impression of him.

Leaving sorrow behind him he is gone, and his place will not be filled.

"SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE"

J. BLUNDEN

SECOND PRIZE

IN MEMORY
of
BUSTER THE BULGARIAN

While diligent in the pursuit of postmen
he showed a regard for the genuine vagrant,
and in his dealings with his kind
he neglected no part of olfactory etiquette.

By his care in inspecting the work of others
he showed a respect for tradition,
yet in his relations with the opposite sex
a freedom from all racial prejudice.

While endeavouring to dislodge a rival's eye
he succumbed to a fit,
brought on by constriction of the windpipe
unhappily caused by the writer
OF
THIS
EPITAPH

H. D. BARNES

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 160.—SNOOKER AT LITTLE SNAGSBY

For the Snooker championship of Little Snagsby we have two entrants, Chalkwell and Potham. We were discussing their chances yesterday. They are to play seven games—just to give us a run for our money—though, of course, four wins secure the championship. And Punt and Layer, who are betting men, were discussing what odds should be given against Potham's winning all seven games.

"I should think," said Punt, "a hundred to one would be fair."

"Maybe," said Layer, "but, really, the whole thing's guesswork. Nothing much is known of the players' form."

"Oh, yes," I chipped in, "we've got their form weighed up all right. We were reckoning, only just now, that Potham has twice as good a chance of winning four games as he has of winning five."

On the basis of this calculation, what are the correct odds against Potham's winning all seven?

PROBLEM 158.—THIRD FORM ARITHMETIC

The divisors are respectively 75 *and* 57 *and the dividends* 957 *and* 759.

I don't think I need set out the "working" of this very simple problem. Some solvers, it is true, have covered several sheets with figures; others have done it almost "at sight." Again, there has been an overwhelming entry.

PROBLEM 157.—COMESTIBLES

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. F. Halse, Goodwins, South Littleton, Evesham.

Three points are awarded.

PROBLEM 156.—FOR FOOTBALL FANS.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: H. J. Downing, 56, Bradley Road, Trowbridge, Wilts.

Five points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

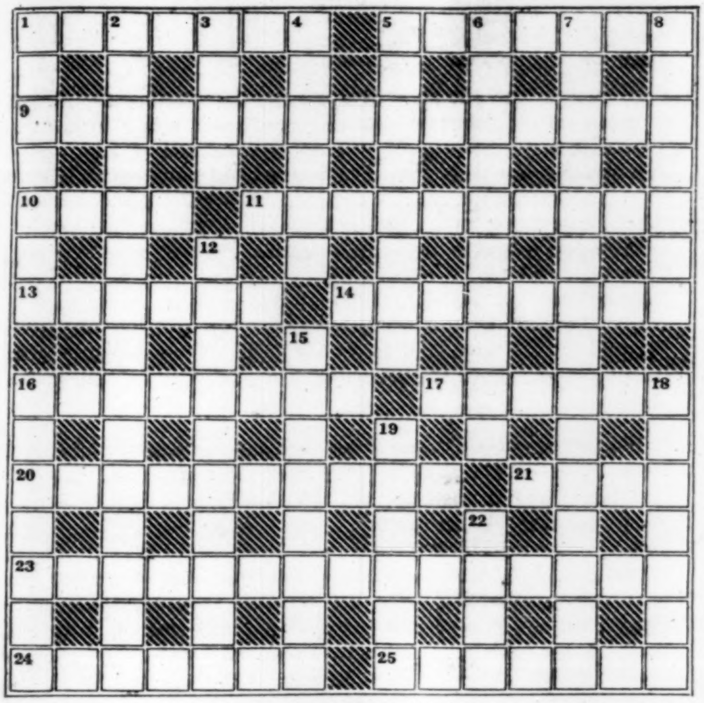
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 306

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

No correct solution was received this week.

ACROSS

1. Often put on the hob.

5. Repulses concerning the East Kent Regiment.

9. Constructive Churchman.

10. One of the things 23 is finished with.

11. Frightful appearance.

13. State of those who row in the Torpids?

14. They protect the calves.

16. What kings do with their medals.

17. The woodman's tool splits the bricklayer's.

20. Men 10 them in the 19 for ancestors.

21. See 22.

23. Golden eggs for incumbents?

24. These show habit in wrong doing.

25. Americans who are moved by jerks?

DOWN

1. Is it possible to bring such vehicles to a standstill?

2. Notorious taleteller.

3. This 10 indemnifies one.

4. What she playfully does to gain the victory.

5. Only done to things that have cooled.

6. An academic house.

7. This may mark your pounds or francly slim them.

8. Do they sound like the queen ant's boys?

12. Not usually the clothes for lovers.

15. Tattered rigout in a boat.

16. Those who do should return to mutton, as they say.

18. How the assistant stops work perhaps.

19. If you have a bat don't keep it here.

22 and 21. Limbs not in but out of a trunk.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	P	U	R	P	L	E	E	M	P	E	R	O	R	■
B	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	A	■	G	■	U	■	S
L	A	D	D	E	R	S	■	P	A	L	E	T	O	T
A	■	Y	■	C	■	I	■	P	■	A	■	C	■	A
C	R	I	M	E	■	G	R	E	E	N	H	O	R	N
K	■	N	■	■	■	N	■	R	■	T	■	M	■	D
A	N	G	E	L	U	S	■	S	U	I	S	E	K	I
N	■	■	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	N
D	O	G	C	A	R	T	■	R	E	E	L	I	N	G
W	■	I	■	F	■	R	■	A	■	■	■	M	■	W
H	A	R	D	G	O	I	N	G	■	S	E	P	I	A
I	■	D	■	R	■	E	■	D	■	E	■	A	■	T
T	E	L	L	E	R	S	■	O	V	E	R	S	E	E
E	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	L	■	D	■	T	■	R
■	O	R	A	N	G	E	B	L	O	S	S	O	M	■

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